

CAVALCADE

FEB. 1st



MAN WITH A MAGIC EYE

Do Women dress for Sex?



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 IT NEVER
 FADES OR SHRINKS



Cavalcade

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The camera has proved Ken Howard
90% correct at anticipating photo-finishes

BILL DELANY



BEFORE the introduction of the
photo-finish camera robbed pur-
suits of the excitement of specta-
tacular racing judges, a legend arose
that the latter officials, confronted
with a tight finish, turned their backs
to the camera and turned radio re-
ceivers to Ken Howard's broadcast.
By this means, ran the legend, the
judges could be sure that their de-
cisions would receive official con-
firmation.

Although the legend lacks docu-
mentation, it is a fact that following
the advent of the camera, a couple
of men fronted a Sydney magistrate
on a charge of maintaining a radio
receiver for which they did not
possess a licence licence—a sin of
omission which surely makes the
newspapers unless the correct party
is, say, a radio quizmaster; in this
instance, however, slowly was added
to the case by a detective's inference
that the parties had indulged in

"sharp practice against bookmakers"

He added that it was the men's cus-
tom to take the receiver to Sandwick
residence and in the event of a
photo-finish use Howard's broadcast
for financial gain. "Ken Howard," he
said, "is described as being inflexible
in taking photo-finishes."

Howard himself is a pretty firm
believer in his own inflexibility, as
is evidenced by the fact that while
keen-eyed officials are expecting the
photo, the broadcaster has already
started with complete confidence that
it is "Lookin' to a brick Dogbody
being photoed first." In point of fact,
his anticipation since the camera
was introduced have been proved
over 90 per cent correct.

Soft-spoken, money-faithful Howard
is, in spite of his mere 35 years, one
of the veterans of the race-broad-
cast profession. He got into the busi-
ness 18 years ago, after he had tried
journalistic work on the sporting

side. Before that, however, he indicated his enthusiasm for racing by riding at "down the line" meetings. His record as a jockey is remarkable only in that he had three mounts, all of which finished last. His career lasted a little more than a fortnight.

Of his first race broadcast, he says: "I arrived at the Warwick Farm course to find that my stand had not been erected. With but a few minutes to the first race I had the rifle to my neck and glared a time. With one hand holding a branch and the other gripping my field-glasses, I began the description."

Howard still does not enjoy the facilities available to present-day broadcasters, for while most of them prefer to comment from the course, he stands in a stately box up to a mile from the winning post.

In his early days as a caller, he earned on a running fight with officials of the Pakenham (Victoria) racetrack.

The club declared war on off-the-course betting—an act of which, it is said, was broadcasted. Howard set up his stand in a nearby house.

The club accepted the challenge by "jamming" the placed horses, so that they were led back to the judge in different order from which they were placed. Members of the placed boxes were shown on the blind side of the judge's box, and the correct weight flag was carefully concealed from the broadcaster. Howard wasn't the boy to take that and like it.

Despite the difficulties devised by the club, he got over the day without colting a misplaced horse. But the racing club, also, was first at the next meeting. Howard had begun to assemble his equipment in a paddock when nine heavy men arrived. After a short but pointed rebuff, the newcomers threw the broadcasting gear into the roadway.

"I was about to concede the club

the track," says Howard. "When I sighted a 'butterer's' van coming along the road, I talked the driver into hiring the van to me for the afternoon. Within a few minutes, a limo was run to a telegraph pole 50 yards away, and I was on the air two minutes before the first race began."

"Meanwhile, other country clubs declared war on me. One of them in fact, sent A25 in erecting a house upon to obscure my view. That was an easy one to overcome. When I climbed into my stand I found I could see over the screen easily."

Howard's point with officials continued when he returned to Sydney, and as one occasion, a race-policeman took issue up with the idea of lighting stands first in front of his stand. Unfortunately, the wind changed direction, and Howard was able to entertain his listeners with a graphic description of course officials attempting to light a fire that threatened to spread to the track.

By contrast, Howard's task these days is simple. At Randwick, his stand is placed on the roof of a box about a mile from the winning post and in direct line with the judge's box. Distances, he contends, is a great aid to a race caller—a theory supported by the fact that in addition to having the edge on his contemporaries in anticipating photo-finishes, he calls more horses in a race than any other broadcaster.

When recordings of his descriptions were played before American radio executives, some time ago, their authority was doubted, the executives inferring that descriptions were read from previously prepared script.

In denying the qualifications of a race caller, Howard says:

"Most important of all, he must have a photographic memory for racing colors. He must be able to identify those colors with their registered owner, and he must be able to memorize

the first owner's entry in the preliminary race.

"Even then, circumstances can prevent the announcer making use of his ability. In January, 1941, Sydney was hit by the greatest hail storm in its history. In a moment visibility was reduced to fads, and, to make it worse, hail shafts of the size of my wrist. I turned to Sid Rappaport, my assistant, and Mandy Perrenson, my engineer, to ask them to check up what was happening on other stations. But they had taken refuge in the laundry of the fair."

"I couldn't even be sure that the men had begun and had to stay anchored to the job for 30 minutes while hail crashed down on me."

"Then, suddenly, I saw a horse emerge from the fringe and then another and another. They were only 50 yards from the post, and the jockey's colors were covered with mud. I had a split second to pick the horse, and I made it. How? I'll never know—unless it was because of the horse's predominance of gray or chestnut."

Occasionally, having followed the field for almost the full distance, Howard leaves them about 15 yards from home and sweeps his glasses to the

post to avoid the winner. This position, he thinks, accounts for his reputation for infallibility.

He admits he was not over-confident that he had called correctly when in the 1941 season, four horses swept over the line as closely bunched that a shot would have covered them all from nose to stern. He selected Blue Legend first, Skimmer second, Young Vermont third, and Puffins fourth, and added that the margin in each case was half a head. The photo vindicated his placings, although most other broadcasters had left the winner out of consideration.

In the instance, Howard was pumpled by the colors worn by each horse—which makes the whole affair even more perplexing. For the man who knows every combination of colors used by racetrack owners is so completely lacking in color sense that when he makes an interstate trip his wide wraps his assemblies in separate bundles.

Otherwise the system, Kim is likely to wear a lounge suit the rest of which is blue and the pants gray, and if he takes a third suit about, it is London to a bank that his vest will be brown.



The chapters of a book dictated his life of crime.



HE READ HIMSELF TO DEATH

JUAN BOSCH

IF IT HAD survived the war, the wretched little bookshop of Casper Olin still stands overlooking a corner of London's Bow Street, an ancient, cobbled thoroughfare that cracks its way down to the waters of the lower Thames.

In its day, it was a fine bookshop. But it is more than four decades since rough boards were nailed in desperate haste across the door, the splines biting deep into the floor, dark mahogany. The bookshop of Casper Olin has been closed since a certain grimy summer morning in 1908.

There was now excitement in the book world then. The modern murder mystery had come into its own. Victorian ladies sat up until two o'clock in the morning, reading avidly. Fre-

quently they became so terrified at the climax that they passed out in a faint and remained sprawled on the floor until found and revived with smelling salts. And they loved it.

The early murder stories were written not so much to intrigue and challenge the reader's intellect as to strike him with horror. The name horrible the story, the faster it sold. Currently leading the field was "The Grey Phantom," calculated to cool and chill the stoutest spine. So popular was it that Casper Olin sold out his entire shipment within the hour that he first placed a copy in the window, on the third of June, 1908.

The window copy, placed on bait to lure customers, Casper reserved for himself. For Casper, like most

bookmen, was in the business because he liked to read. He was forty-five, tall, gaunt and scholarly looking, with steel-rimmed spectacles perched askew on the high bridge of his blue-veined nose. A leonine headband, he lived now in his vivid imagination all the adventures which he found between the covers of the books in his shop.

It was no wonder, then, that when he dipped into the opening pages of "The Grey Phantom," the little book-keeper achieved a decidedly pale sort of shock, padding around his shop as softly that he sometimes frightened his customers.

But it made little difference to Olin, now, what happened to his sales. The Grey Phantom was the most fascinating passage he had ever been, and the Grey Phantom cared only for death.

The book, a hair-raiser, concerned a man who by day was a meek little shopkeeper, very like Olin, but possessed a second soul that came upon him when night fell. With the sinking of the sun, the meek little man became a roving fiend who prowled the streets with a shadow's stealth. He was marvellously sensitive to red-headed women. At the mere sight of one, he felt the overpowering urge to strangle her, and as the course of the book he struggles free.

High on his stool, Olin crouched low to catch the last rays of the sun, sinning to read the hiding girl. Deep is the opening chapters of "The Grey Phantom," he did not hear the door open and close, nor the light footstep that moved over the boards. Only the flickering light made him close the book. Then he looked down from his stool.

Just below him, her back turned, had bent over a book she held, stood a little, sweet girl. She was well-dressed in finely spun tweed, and a handsome fox fur was draped

over her shoulder. Her small hat lay on the table beside her. The sudden twilight seeping in the shop seemed all caught up in the brightness of her high-piled hair, and in new copper.

The bookkeeper stood at the girl's hair steadily. He felt stupidly hypnotized by its vibrant colour that almost seemed a living flame that filled his whole vision. The hair strands were held in place softly by a silver hairpin.

Olin clanked down very quietly, like a phantom, and reached out a swiftly moving hand that pulled the pin from the girl's head and sent the red flames tumbling down to her waist as her other palm straggled her startled cry.

When the body of Eleanor Withers, shadowy daughter of a London banker, was found in a gutter at the foot of Bow street there was no trace of her assailant. She had met an unusual and bizarre death, strangled by the heavy streaks of her own hair.

London newspapers hysterically heated the baffled and embarrassed Scotland Yard men who poked up and down the shabby street without finding a single clue. Among those fruitlessly interviewed was a meek little bookshop proprietor named Casper Olin.

The morning after he had strangled Eleanor Withers, Casper Olin awoke in shuddering horror in his garret room above the shop, he clearly remembered the marvellous moment when the gathering dusk had seemed to cloak him in the evil personality of the criminal who stalked through the pages of the gripping murder story.

The book lay now, its bound covers unmarked, spread open on the counterpane of his bed. As though it were infected with a lethal disease, he picked it up with a pair of brass fire tongs and carried it downstairs. He thrust it high on a top shelf. Then

BEAUTY WAS SHIN DEEP

I thought her just a lovely girl
Although it chafed too tight
But oh! I really didn't think
How far I was from right.
I said to her, "Your loveliness
Is really made!" But she
With eager cried: "You dopey
boots,
I am a rube—SEE?"

—YAIR.

he began, as best he could, to conduct the business of the day.

The bookseller viewed every trace the looking bell and the heavy slam of the front door announced a new customer. But business was brisk, and slowly his nerve quieted.

It was his conscience that refused to be stilled. An inner voice hammered away, urging him to condemn the crime that the newspapers hawked in the streets. Once, filled with moral strength, he started out the door, determined to walk straight to the nearest baby. Recognizing himself, he scoffed, "I did it. I murdered her," over and over.

He caught himself with his hand on the knob. Stuffing his heart of righteousness, he turned the key in the lock to keep himself inside. But the urge to goodness was strong upon him. The crime was more than he could bear alone.

"I'll write it all down," he thought. "Then I'll get it off my mind and it will be almost like confessing to myself." He sat down at his nearest desk, drew a sheet of foolscap toward him and began laboriously. He described the crime in complete detail,

then ended with, "I cannot clearly find words for the strange fury of madness that descended upon me when darkness fell and the red hair of that woman suddenly seemed like a mass well of flame and blood."

Somewhat relieved, he put down his pen and stared at the words he had written. The carefully worded sentences did not sound like his own writing. Rather, they seemed to resemble the romantic literary style of a polished author. Then, suddenly, he knew where he had read these before.

His pale eyes slid hesitantly to the high shelf where the edge of his half-read copy of "The Grey Phantom" was just visible. He had resolved not to touch the book again, fearing to look further into its horrible pages. Yet, he had to be sure. In a few minutes, his trembling finger traced out the words he had read the day before, "... darkness fell and the red hair suddenly seemed like a rising well of flame and blood." It was as though he had copied them.

He tried, now, to close the book, but he was irresistibly drawn to read on, his long fingers sliding stirring the sealed pages and turning the leaves avidly. Only the end of daylight interrupted his reading. Then he put a heavy rope around his shoulders, closed the door behind him, and pushed his way down Bow Street toward the Thames embankment.

The new large bed not yet been lit. He turned hesitantly toward a corner tavern that streamed warm, yellow light out into the road. He pushed open the door. The room was empty. It was too early for the night trade. A pretty maid was alone at a serving table in the rear. She was occasionally polishing a pewter ale mug.

"Ella there," she called heartily. "The night with you 'Ad a ma!" Ollie pulled his long grey cape closer about his spare form and began to stare fixedly at the gaffe party

red inside, retried into a misty haze that floated at the back of her neck. He caught a side glance at himself in the mirror above the bar and smiled slightly. He did indeed look mad.

It was an even worse accidental crime than the Wilbottle murder. The forces of justice were upon stepped cold with the fading of the body. No one had seen the silent, clocked figure enter or leave the tavern in the dark. No one had heard a sound.

When the long shadows of the sunset crept up Bow Street on the third evening, the bookseller again felt the uncomfortable desire to lose himself in the pages of the shivering book. With all the power of his conscious mind he resisted, but the book on its high shelf drew him like a magnet. Fifty pages remained unrolled. One part of his being urged, "Yaaaah it and have done with it." But he shrunk from the idea. It might mean another unspeakable crime. "No," he scribbled wildly, fortifying his conscience. "I shall never bring myself to read the eventual fate of the Grey Phantom."

Still the book drew him, more irresistibly as darkness filled the room. Desperately, he tossed the key in the lock, to keep himself in. But as he passed a small handgown that hung on the wall, he drew his face back then and grey, with blood-flecked eyes. He knew that in another moment he would be deep in the last pages of the book and that soon he would be living the final destiny of the fictional Grey Phantom.

With a cry, he splintered a book shelf into narrow slats, seized a hammer and nails and worked himself inside the shop, pounding the walls firmly into the polished wood of the front door. When he had finished, with the last strength of his conscious mind he turned his back upon the book, threw a rope over the high-

can rather in the beamed ceiling, and hanged himself.

The second element in the story of Casper Ollie and the Grey Phantom is contained in the closing chapters. It is reasonably certain that the little bookseller, terrified at the power that the book had over him, never finished reading it. He was in mortal fear that he would faithfully follow off any further accident that were enacted in the final pages. In order to remove the almost irresistible temptation to read further, he hanged himself, a deliberate suicide.

He thought that he was breaking the spell that the fictional phantom had over him, the spell that drove this quiet, peaceful little man to murder, at the sight of a red-haired woman. As his last sentence, he had written with calm, sure strokes of his pen, "With my very life, I shall carry this enchantment. I shall not carry forth the phantom's destiny." But he did. For in the final pages of the strange book there is, not another murder, as Ollie feared to read, but the suicide of the phantom himself.



DO WOMEN DRESS FOR SEX?



Few would admit they dress to arouse interest

A SINGLE woman of thirty-two wanted a fashion salon to see some evening gowns. She tried an apparel, but only two attracted her. One was a shimmering, modest blue gown, the other a gown model revealing and rather daring. The woman was unable to decide between them.

"Don't you like one of these even a little better than the other?" the assistant asked.

"Oh, yes," the customer answered. "I really like the blue one, very much—but I'll have a wash better line in the gown one."

That was the case she laught, only because she knew it would attract men by its daring lines.

Thirty-five and single, she "knew her way around." A fashionable Syd-

ney dressmaker recently told she often fits women with practically skin-tight evening gowns. They have the gown made that way because they have trim, good figures and they don't intend to wear anything in the way of underclothing. They don't want the ridges and bulk of underclothing to spoil the line of their figure—they say.

Packages they are really that sensitive perhaps they are a little more so. Unless then many people about the lengths they go to in attracting even less for each such appearance there are undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of women who don't realize that this sort of thing goes on—and who would be deeply shocked by it if they did.

For while there is probably not a

woman in the world who does not dress to "please men," there are few who would admit, perhaps even to themselves, that they dress to arouse interest.

The woman who says, "I couldn't buy a hat with feathers—my husband doesn't like them," is certainly dressing to please a man. The woman who is cooing to her country in trying to keep her figure to the lines she knows are appreciated. But she is thinking of womanhood and awareness of appearance—as is she!

I never was a "sweater girl," not because I could not be, but because the "sweater girl" vapor seemed to me so vulgarly blatant that I couldn't take part. Or perhaps I felt that I could command all the male attention I wanted without using my figure like a poor advertisement.

But when that sweater case was in its height, I repeatedly heard indignant complaints from girls about the liberties taken by their owners, about how hard it was to keep some of the boys in their places.

Well, it wasn't surprising, because those girls left themselves wide open to misunderstanding. The whole point of the matter was that, by conforming to this new vogue, they thought they were being fashionable and smart. They apparently did not realize that they were being provocative in the extreme, and that their motives for dressing that way were almost certain to be misinterpreted!

In conversation with women friends, I have been repeatedly surprised at the fact that so many of them do not associate male admiration with active flirtation. I know, for example, people who wear "fabrics" and the most outrageous types of uplift bralettes, simply because the advertised word "uplift" has instructed them to a new fashion—and they follow that fashion blindly.

It isn't much use asking the girl who wears one, because she is hardly

likely to recall her motives, even if she recognizes them herself.

But not the girl who sells them! One such young woman, an attractive dresser and very "easy to look at," herself, laughed duly when she told me about uplift buyers.

"Most of them buy because somebody else has bought it," she said. "See that?" She held up a vump of pink silk and coffee colored lace, and laughed. "There aren't very many girls who are really built for that," she said, "yet the demand is extraordinary. I had a girl to see this morning now. She wanted something like this. I told her I didn't think it would suit her, but she had a girl friend who wore one and it looked lovely—so she wanted one too."

"Did she realize what she'd look like?" I asked.

"Yes, sure she did!" the chatterer said. "She recognized that if she had this bit of silk she'd substantially have a figure like her girl friend's!"

This sales girl expressed the view that the greater percentage of purchasers of provocative bralettes hadn't the slightest idea of the appeal they were buying. Sometimes they tried on a model, looked at it in a mirror, and said, "I'm going to look awfully daring," or something like that, and were quite pleased about it. Not because they connected it with sex appeal, but because they thought it was smart to be daring.

And that brings me back to something else the dressmaker told me. "Two of the most revealing gowns I ever made," she said, "were cut for women who wanted to outshine another woman."

It comes down to a sort of competition to see who can get away with the most daring or revealing gown. And when two women start in such a competition as that, what the males of the party think is of little consequence.

HEDY LAMARR has more beauty than ten stars rolled into one. Yet Hedy would rather be known as a great actress than a beautiful woman.

In Hollywood she'll trot around with her hair in two pigtails and no make-up as if she resented the beauty that seemed to flow in her way. She has more jewels than ten stars, but they remain locked in a bank vault. At one time she kept them in an old shoe box on the closet shelf.

She had more glamour than ten stars, yet she traded it for children. Obsessed with the dream for motherhood, she adopted a son before her two children were born. She attends her own children's needs—no nannies seen at parties. She's Hedy Lamarr, actress, mother and woman before she's anything else. And that's the way she wants it.

From "Photoplay," the world's most popular film magazine.

There is a display complex about women which men don't understand. A desire to show off, to be admired, to be talked about, to be flattered and praised. It makes a woman feel good and she will spend time, money and thought on that important business of showing off. But she isn't showing off from any real vanity.

This showing-off complex has not changed the observation of the fashion designers. The "new look" was a masterpiece of propaganda—anybody who could induce a woman to buy yards of cotton material for one dress when dresses were so expensive, was a wizard. But it was done.

The waist-pinchers, hip-peds, and fashions that all helped to put the "new look" across, were only incidental. And the fact that this particular fashion was not particularly revealing did nothing to stop its popularity.

That is one of the things that stops you when you're tempted to think that women usually reveal their figures from any sex motif. The girl who wears chokers and sweaters today, and a strapless evening gown with a bare midriff tonight, will

cheerfully wear an ankle-length dress with a high neck and elbow length sleeves tomorrow.

And her choice of greens will not be dictated by how much they show, or how sexy she looks. Simply, a woman believes that a man can be so much attracted by a fount of an he can by a French woman. Because normally her showing-off tendency is not related to physical sex.

If it comes to flirtation, most women believe they can do more by a timely pressure of the hand or a suggestive gleam in the eye, or a vivacious little wink, than they can do by getting undressed, or coming into public half undressed. And, as a woman who mixes with women, I can say that if I were a Casanova I wouldn't pin my hopes on the girl in the most daring dress, but that's the most daring dress.

In a newspaper recently, a man wrote:

"A woman in an evening gown can disturb a man's emotions far more readily than one in a bathing suit. The highest sort of body art lies in a concealment rather than an advertisement, and leaves nothing to the imagination. An evening gown encourages

the imagination."

I believe that is true. I watched a group of five men walking along a promenade one day. They passed a number of glamorous women waltzing on the sand in very brief costumes. A couple of the men glanced casually at the women, but as two pretty girls wearing new-look dresses and large-brimmed hats came towards them on the promenade, all five men turned their eyes in their direction, and with one accord, their heads went around as the girls passed them.

There is little doubt that women's dress has an important bearing on sex and morality, irrespective of the motive inspiring its selection. William American Report Higher.

"I sincerely believe that a few compelling everybody to go stark naked would be the most staggering

blow that could be dealt in certain fields of vice. Instead, we spend billions of dollars doling polite costumes and millions of millions words denouncing the bawdy den. I don't go so far as to say that universal nudity would guarantee morality, but there is an old saying that light is an enemy of love—a certain kind of love. Among the diseases that are cured by broad daylight and sun, washed earnestly in one, prudery is another, and vulgar coquetry is another."

It certainly seems true that women, even when they don't realize it, place an emphasis on physical attraction which is repeatedly impressed on the men who see them. And the fact that these men believe the woman's morals are showcasing leads to a lot of behavior which otherwise would never occur.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 49

CAVALCADE, February, 1939 15

No food could ease his lips
until he had fulfilled his vow

W. E. HARNY



A hunter TAKES A vow

WHETHER or not an army marches on its stomach, an aborigine tribe certainly gives food more importance than to men to ease the empty stomach.

Food is distributed according to family relationship among the aborigines of the western side of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and a family consisting around the fire, awaiting the serve of a young kangaroo basking in the sun, knows in advance exactly what portion each will eat. The head is, of course, the hunter's prerogative; each comes in for the leg post, and another experiences some mouth-watering over the succulent breast she knows will be hers. The offspring probably look forward to the day when improved fleshy status will enable them to share of the last cut.

This is the usual procedure, broken only on exceptional occasions or to meet a serious contingency.

An incident which took place in the month of May in the year 1938 will serve as an example of this departure, and will explain, incidentally, the disappearance of the ten-ton ketch "Kashimata" and her Japanese crew of four.

The "Kashimata" was took built with a mast of brush against pole, and beams and planks of the same rough timbering. Her appearance did not bespeak scientific construction but rather of the resourcefulness born of lonely island living.

Her home port was Doba in the Arafura, 200 miles to the north of Wessel Island which are on the north-west tip of Arnhem Land.

A glance at her rigging—hung with

strong fishing gut—was sufficient to explain her presence in territorial waters. The poles, too, from which smoked shark fins were suspended like fruit bats from a tall tree, gave evidence that shark—the Eastern dolphin—was the reason for the expedition.

On her decks as she lay riding the heavy swell that comes round Cape Stosch when the south-east trade winds are blowing, the four Japanese watched a thin strip of smoke that issued from the sandy shore. The short they had been studying gave the warning of darkness and hostile natives; and, as they watched, a dragon came made from the beach, propelled by four men of the Kolpa tribe, and moved swiftly towards the ketch.

Higata, the Japanese captain, reversed his crew and loaded his own rifle, placing it in readiness. The four sat waiting.

As the smoke drew nearer they could see its flock. Originally out from a tree, it was now a mass of patches from pieces of fat, strips of wood and powdered bark of recent tree.

When they were twenty yards distant from the "Kashimata" the natives turned their canoe safe on to the shark fin and lifted their paddles as a sign they were unharmed and would like to come near. Higata's answering shot—a warning to withdraw—sent them waddling over the rippling water, back to the beach where, disarmed, adrift, they faced the taunts of their tribe.

Along this coast from the ancient times there has been a history of unrecorded trouble between the aborigines and the wanderers who, in their various types of craft, have landed on the Australian coast. Some people swear (and after personal observation) that there are traces of Malay blood in some of the

aborigines, the only indication of a day when Malays landed and came to amiable terms with the natives. There are indications, however, that more often the seafarers and the Australian natives fought bitter battles—and among the southern Malays they gained the reputation that put Higata on his guard.

The fact that they gave the sign of peace was not an important thing to Higata; he didn't trust them, anyway, and he may even have been able to see instances of treachery in the past. But the men in the canoe took a very different view; their honor had been demeaned and their word frankly disbelieved.

Old Mandrup didn't make matters any better. One of the tribe's warlike warriors, now ruled on the prestige of a successful career, and enjoying the respect of all, he was inclined to disdain the younger generation's respect for firearms. He argued, as he was entitled to, his own tactics when the canoes were fired by the jaws of their fishermen.

Mandrup, stout and old, boasted to them his bravery in the past, recounting tales of trapping fishers he had killed, heads of crabs and spoils from the boat. All day long he shouted his songs, lying beneath a casuarina tree that sighed in the wind, until young Besika who had steered the canoe to the "Kashimata," could hear it no longer.

The depth of hurt he must have felt at Mandrup's lies can only be appreciated by those who have a knowledge of the simple, mostly dignified of these trapped people. There must have been a terrible temptation for Besika to forget his place in the tribe; but generations of tribal education made discipline an instinctive thing among these people. Thanks answered the old man's threat he did it with very serious dignity.

With due solemnity the young men

PICTURE the Wright

Brother's invention beside the jet-propelled plane and you will have some idea of how present cooking methods may look beside the radar cookery proposed by an American manufacturing company. Two vessels using the microwave tube, heated at wartime radio, have been developed—one for restaurants, the other for use on airplanes. They cut the cooking time of ordinary foods to a matter of seconds. The restaurant restaurants turn out breakfasts in 30 seconds.

at his feet, gave the signal to approach. Pulling alongside, Benaka handed up the fish, requesting in return his trade tobacco.

Benaka had learned from his fathers the Malayan languages taught by the traders from Malacca, and now, skewering as with a child, he asked his brother Malay if he might come aboard for "a fine to light a smoke." Hagahai felt completely safe as the shivering creatures crawled over the gunwale and huddled near the anchor chains.

For his part Benaka was rejoicing that the first part of his objective had been achieved. Glancing aft, he watched the captain furling his rifle and passing forward. Two of the crew squatted beside a cook-pot of boiled rice, the fourth was flound a bunch of palm for drying shark fins. From the bunch of palm Benaka's eyes traveled to the dried shark fin, and as he saw these things he knew his vow would be carried out, the fish on the shore would be eaten.

Finally, he stood to stretch and again to move bodily towards the fire. Then as if frozen in his tracks, he peered over the side of the vessel, shouting one word the Malay for "look." Evidently he heard, far over the side as though to get a better view of the monster supposedly beneath the boat.

Hagahai was alert now, and peering into the water. All unnoticed in the excitement, Benaka was beside him and, turning quickly, the Japanese captain was amazed at the transformation of the black man. No longer was this the shivering wretch of the canoe, but a mass of rippling muscles, features distorted with hatred for the trader. One glance only had he before he was tossed into the waters around the "Kashimata." Benaka's friends were screaming for the other three. One of the Japanese was screaming in agony from the

effects of a pot of rice emptied over him, and a stroke from a tomahawk lay ready just an end to him. The other two were driven back to the end of the craft and killed with tomahawks from the galley fire. Remained Hagahai, rising to the surface following Benaka's treatment, and a dipping harpoon finished him off.

Benaka and his friends signalled joyfully to their tribe. Old Mundrupa made ready to go out to look over the prize, but before stepping into his canoe he was careful to take the piece of fish that represented Benaka's solemn vow.

On that day Benaka proved himself

a mighty hunter—a man to be reckoned with—and a tribesman faithful to the laws of his fathers.

Natives in this area are primitive. Their lives are still conditioned by strange tribal laws. And the "Kashimata" after been unsuccessful, Benaka would have died willingly rather than partake of life-giving food, and had he escaped death at the hands of the Japanese the tribe would have watched, rather in admiration than in awe, as death inevitably claimed his victim.

Civilization is slow of encroachment in this area and the tribes practice their customs almost unhindered.

rose from the meal he was eating and placed his fish on a nearby log.

"Old man," he said, "You are right. My young ones look I was not to eat this fish until that 'Kashimata' (that) is gone, and its crew are dead for the sharks they come here seeking."

This was the very which so rarely disturbed the eating habits of the tribe.

Even the children around the in-part of Benaka's speech and eyed the fish with awe. Benaka looked in turn at each of the three who had been with him in the adventure. For answer they repeated his vow and, turning from the tribe, together considered their plan of action.

In a few moments they had launched their canoe and that time as they approached the "Kashimata" four depicted natives sat huddled in the bottom of their craft. Fifty yards from the Japanese they knew to, and with much splashing lifted a gift for the fisherman to see—a large white fish cooked on a piece of bark. It was tempting bait, and Hagahai, laughing,



A ghost story provided the clue the Mounties needed to lay a gang of gold thieves.

ERLE WILSON

THE GHOSTS OF MIC-MAC LAKE

MIC-MAC is a small lake in a chain of lakes that form a continuous waterway between Great Pelee Lake, where the Midway Gold Mines are, and Lac Simard, in the Temiscouche Game Sanctuary. It is one of the hundreds hidden away in the thick spruce forests of Nova Scotia, visited only by a stray fisherman, or by moose hunters in the fall.

Colonel Poyser's hunting shack, empty often for a year at a stretch, used to be the only camp on Mic-Mac, and Meaur's camp, ten miles away, was the nearest neighbour.

One day in the autumn, I think 1933, I called to pick up the key at the shack of the Colonel's caretaker, Joe Bauffier, near the southern end of Pelee Lake.

Bauffier and his worn little wife were surprised that I should be returning to Mic-Mac so late in the year. Surprised and, it seemed to me, a

little uneasy. There was a light rain falling and when they invited me to sit with them, I accepted.

While we sat, after a long silence during which he seemed to be turning something over in his mind, Bauffier asked me suddenly did I believe in ghosts. It wasn't the sort of question you'd expect from a hard-bitten blue-nose former-hunterjack.

I told him I had an open mind, but had always found the subject interesting. Preferably, I got the story.

Thirty years earlier, Bauffier told, a shanty had stood on Moose Island, a small island in Mic-Mac lake, directly in front of the spot where Colonel Poyser's cabin now stands. A mill-owner from Port Mouton, down on the coast, had traded his wife and her lover—a French-Canadian lumberjack from Quebec—to this spot.

Husband and lover had fought it out with knives in the moon-glowed shack in the moonlight. The husband

had killed the Consul, then chased his wife into the lake and struggled her among the lily-pads in the shallows.

It was the last act of this drama of the woods that, according to the Bauffiers, several hunters and fishermen had seen re-enacted, always on the night of the full moon. Every person who reported seeing it had been camped alone on One-Tree Point, a spot of land jutting into the lake a quarter of a mile away from the cabin, on the right, easily identifiable by a solitary birchleaf that sprouts there.

The Bauffiers seemed relieved that I took their story seriously.

I was thankful of the story as I drove on through the drizzle towards the village of Colebrook.

The sight of a shaming emerald RCMP plate and a damp and drooping Union Jack by a shack, drove it from my mind. Now, I wondered, had a small hunter like Colebrook come to visit a Mounted Police Depot? Then I remembered the Midway Gold Mines back on Pelee Lake.

I pulled in under a big copper-birch by the door. I had a number of friends in the Mounted, and hoped one of these would be at this new Depot to drop in on me and relieve the monotony of a month's solitary stay in the shanty at Mic-Mac. The last man I reported to meet was Sergeant Matheson. I had heard he was somewhere in Upper Canada, but there was no mistaking the two-and-a-quarter yards of policeman who greeted me as I entered.

Instead of the brief halt I had intended, I stayed until it was too late to tackle the old, overgrown, herring trail that led from the highway in to Mic-Mac, so I stayed on with Matheson and Constable Mayo, and we sat yammer until almost midnight.

Early in my acquaintance with the Mounted I had learned that some skill as a listener was needed to draw

out their best yarns, and it was late in the evening before I plucked up courage enough to tell Joe Bauffier's ghost story of Mic-Mac to the two widely experienced residents in uniform.

Matheson and Mayo didn't scoff. They asked me to repeat details, and they seemed mildly interested. Then Mayo followed my yarn with one of a long yarn—a weaver's—and Ralph Matheson topped his with a tale of a phantom canoe on the Upper Saguenay. I turned in that night feeling that I had surely met some competent raconteurs.

Next morning as I left they gave me a cheerful assurance that they'd be seeing me soon at Mic-Mac.

The old logging road that I had to follow in through the timber from the Colebrook halfway to Mic-Mac Lake was narrow and rough, and the car needed all my attention.

With the prospect of living for a month alone as there, I knew that I should be glad Ralph Matheson and Mayo were to drop in on me from time to time.

The first day in a new camp is always busy. The shack was old but still sound, though the floor-boards were somewhat loose, and there was surprisingly little dust on the rough furniture. I put in some strenuous hours with an axe building a wood-pile, resting often and looking across at that frightful island. Then I spent the rest of the day examining the nearby shore and woods for I knew from experience that until I had explored my immediate surroundings, I'd no hope of getting alone.

The air was keen and the true accents of the woods, disturbing in their unobscured freshness, were strong everywhere. Yet, somehow, I couldn't settle down. The rain had stopped and a wind from the Atlantic had swept the sky clear. For a time, still inexplicably disturbed by some quality in the silence, I watched from

I GIVE YOU "THE OFFICE"

O blessed relief—

Five or six days' work

As can be seen by the psychological problems of his home

Which he finds variable.

And bury himself in the problems of his office.

Which he finds

Tolerable.

Figures are definite.

But they do balance

Whereas, who knows, it may be the substance of his wife's

Figure that is the seat of domestic

Trouble.

"Mrs. K. . . will you take a letter . . ."

How many crisp, efficient letters

Result from domestic frustration?

About office routine is a poor substitute for living.

With houses, millions of men and women

If "the office" did not exist

We should have to invent it!

—MARTIN PLACE

the cabin door the slow folding down of the northern night.

The feeling that I was being watched grew as strong that, finally, I closed the cabin door for relief and turned in. I did not sleep. Boutlier's story kept me awake.

It was easy then to imagine the scene in that other shack over on the island. The two men with death in their minds and naked blades in their hands fighting in the restricted space of the den shack.

I slept at last. But next day, still disturbed, after several attempts, I gave up trying to forget the story. I was glad when dark brought me the chance of action.

In an old and leaky canoe that belonged to the shack, I skirted the shore and worked off One-Tree Point, for I'd made up my mind that I was going to see, at close quarters, whatever excitement might bring. I hoped—and expected—it would bring nothing and I could explode a nerve-wrecking

myth.

How long I waited I don't know. But at last a silhouette appeared above the ragged, black mass that was the bare shore of the lake. I had been quietly taking my lucky canoe with an old rusted hull, when suddenly the canoe, full and round, rose behind Moose Island showing its end wurdly, dark and swollen, at the end of a long path of glitter.

At that moment an unaccountably human and feminine person of utter terror came from the island ahead and indefinite, behind the moon-glitter on the water, two wild figures appeared rushing along the island shore.

It was exactly what I'd been told—but for a moment I was paralyzed. Then, the hull clattered on the bottom of the canoe, I stretched up my paddle and throwing hand, shot out towards the island.

I'd paddled perhaps a dozen strokes and the figures were still in wild

ocean, when, from the direction of the shack, a quarter of a mile away on the left, there came the crack of a rifle and a bar of light flashed out from the open door. A double report answered from the island and a voice that, even at that distance, I recognized as Constable May's said, "OK, Boutlier, quit the amateur sharpshooting. I've got you covered!"

The missing specter balked instantly and turned round towards the source of true slaughter. May's stepped out into the moonlight. To say that I was amazed does not adequately state the case.

I sat still in the drifting canoe. I even have been plainly visible from the shack, for Sergeant Mackenzie's eyes reached me with devastating detachment. "You-see!—Shook-hunter. You better come in now! Show's over!"

Slowly I swept the canoe round, headed it and walked to the shack. There, backed against my table with its typewriter and litter of papers, crouching under the threat of Ralph Mackenzie's gun, stood three of the toughest lookout crims I have ever seen. A trapdoor that I had not suspected, popped open to the cabin floor,

and several well-filled canoe bags were piled along its edge.

I stood mute. My face rivalling the specter of Sergeant Mackenzie's face. He laughed.

"Don't feel badly about it, fella," he said. "Your interest in the south has brought us this nice little haul. Meet Messieurs Scanlon, Fox and Cooke three of the slickest politicians in the Maritimes. We've been trying to catch up with them for quite some time. Friend Boutlier and, I repeat to say, his crack-looking little wife are in this gang. They've been shipping gold from Minas Mine, back there, a place, on Poonchuck. This shack was a convenient hideout place. Your unsupervised canoe spent their plans here. That honey friend Boutlier gave you was meant to lure you away long enough for them to move the business somewhere else, and your story was just the clue we needed. Behold the result!"

"We-ah! but—look, Ralph—" I didn't know what to say.

"Never mind, fella, never mind," Sergeant Mackenzie soothed. "They fooled us too, remember. But in the end, you know, the Mounted always get their—speck."



W. P. Shuter.



I HAD A PET ELEPHANT

Something had to be done after the stable incident.

IF you ever happen to contemplate making a pet of an elephant, take my tip and don't. I speak from experience. I had one once. I shot him another before I saw the little fellow hiding in the long grass—otherwise, of course, I should have withheld my fire—and decided that I want make what remains I could by adopting him.

"Junbo," as I christened him, was no bigger than a fully-grown pig when I first led him into my polo-compound.

At that time I was blithely ignorant of the playful habits of young elephants; but I was soon to learn. And as for the amount of grub they were capable of consuming—well, I was soon to learn that as well.

Junbo had got along all right on trek with a mixture of condensed milk and crushed maize (oats) pup

made into a thin gruel, but now that he was safely inside the compound I need to know, my head police-boy: "He is still a baby, Bewah, so we must feed the little fellow an cow's milk for a few weeks."

Some baby? We had three Kaffir cows besides Peronda, but after about four weeks, during which he seemed to grow like a mushroom, milk from a whole herd would not have satisfied that voracious little gourmand.

One night about a month after he arrived, I was suddenly awakened by the famous clattering of Mickey, the little monkey, who slept under my hat. I thought the whole place was coming down about my ears but, bless me, it was only Junbo—trying to pull the roof off! He had taken a sudden fancy to the stair track, and somehow was advanced before I could scramble out and chase him

We hadn't tied him up—I hadn't the heart—and the following night he got into the kitchen. Since food had left the floor ajar, and it was the crashing of pans and crockery, together with the wild howls of the dog and the bawling of Tanga, who evidently thought it a lovely game, that woke me.

I ran pell-mell to the scene, but I was too late. What a sight met my eyes! Flour, jam, rice, milk, sugar, soap, and what have you lay scattered pell-mell over the floor, and cups, saucers, plates, cutlery, and pots and pans were all mixed in a broken heap.

Junbo had his trunk round the kitchen stove, and was dragging it off as steady when I dashed inside. The sugar had also got on, my favourite one both—the only one within a hundred miles—and smashed it flat as a pancake. When I scolded him he merely lifted up his trunk and howled. Yes, baby elephants can leer!

Next morning, at my instructions, Bewah drove a great stake into the ground, and that evening, after a terrific struggle, we roped one of Junbo's hind legs and knee-banded him to the post.

What a night that was! The elephant played merry havoc the whole time, squealing, whinnying, and trumpeting in a thousand different keys.

I went out to him at least a dozen times, but all to no purpose; my wails only made him worse. At last, in the gray dawn, limp and weary, I tottered out and cut the rope.

"You son of Setai!" I scolded, shaking my fist under his nose. "TU—"

But I did nothing. How could I, with that little trunk gently fondling my knee, and a pair of bright, piggy eyes fairly dancing with gratitude?

Immediately he was free he ambled straight over to the garden fence at the far side of the compound and

commenced rooting up everything within reach of his trunk. He had started the previous long ago—the first hour he arrived, as a matter of fact.

As yet he could not get into the garden, but already there was a horizon strip running the full thirty-yard length inside the fence where he had crashed over and torn up melons, carrots, pumpkins, cabbage, and so on. It was only a question of time, of course, before he uprooted the fance, and so it proved.

Two or three days after we started securing him to the stake, I heard tearing and crashing accompanied by the usual squeals. Jumping out of bed, I peered anxiously through my window, but the damage was done. The postpond looked like Covent Garden in miniature. He had made a grand job of wrecking the garden, so far as I could make out there wasn't a single vegetable left in the ground.

Something had to be done about it, so that night we decided to lock Junbo up in the stable. The stable was a long but made of mud and straw, with a dried-mat partition in the centre which separated the two horses from the five mules. That partition was quite a strong affair.

After consultation with Bewah, I arranged to move the horses to another lot and put Junbo in their end of the stable. He would not be able to see the mules, of course, but he would hear them, and they could see how him.

A pity we hadn't thought of that sooner.

The youngster seemed quite pleased when I led him by the ear into his new quarters. He always accompanied me merrily when I grabbed hold of one of his big ears—generally to lead him down a mischief.

Shortly after daylight Bewah led him suddenly into my lot. He was infuriating to himself, mule-fashion, and rolling his eyes. Something had evi-

EXPERIMENTS have proved that when you see you are weak. After breakfast your strength steadily increases so that by 2 p.m. you are at the peak. When they sets in and continues until after breakfast next day.

Even though your body may not function at 100 per cent. efficiency you won't die if you lose your gall bladder, spleen, appendix or bladder. You can still keep in the lead of the living if you have only one kidney, two quarts of blood and half a brain!

dently spent has pretty badly

"What's wrong, Revathi?" I asked. He checked. "Miles gone, horses gone, elephant gone, stable gone," he growled hoarsely, then he checked again.

I sat up and gasped. "Miles gone, elephant gone, stable gone?" I echoed. "What the devil do you mean, Revathi?"

His eyes rolled, showing the whites. "Ten gone, you see, Revathi . . . all blamed let gone!" Revathi had learned to speak English.

No unfriendly sound had disturbed my slumbers, but in the middle of the night that confounded elephant had pulled down the parties dividing him from the stables, and the stables, in turn, had kicked out one end of the stable. All that was left was a heap of rubble and stone!

There was no sign of any of the animals, but about an hour after dawn, Jumbo snickered resolutely into the compound and at once began squeaking for his rifle.

I cursed him roundly as I assembled a party of boys to go after the stables and horses. I also decided

that, much as I loved him, Jumbo and I must part.

My eyes grew misty as I wrote, for it seems only yesterday that Jan Coetsee, a great elephant-handler of the period, rode into the compound to take Jumbo away. I had written and asked if he would accept the little fellow.

"Been any trouble to you?" asked Jan.

I blushed hysterically. "Trouble?" I spluttered. "Oh, no; he's a little angel from heaven." I pointed to the devastated garden, to the ruins of the stable; the fresh thatch in the roof of my hut. I also indicated a heap of battered pots and pans and my flattened axe both.

Jan looked at me and grinned understandingly. "They're playful little boppers when they're young," he remarked.

Coetsee had arrived with a transport wagon, a long, covered affair drawn by a span of eighteen African oxen. The "shop of the wild" is still seen to-day even in the cities, and, at the time I write of, it was the only means of transporting loads any distance in South Africa, apart from a single line of railroad which connected the Cape to Bulwer's and Schaberg, and terminated at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa.

Coetsee's driver was a Boer, like himself—a big, bearded fellow who looked as strong as one of his own. He maintained, a coloured Cape boy, held the reins. In Africa the fellow who holds the whip is the driver.

The harness now was to get Jumbo into the wagon. Jan produced a plank and a length of rope, lashed the former against the tailboard of the wagon, and our gateway was in position.

"I think I can get him aboard without the rope," I said to Jan.

"Can you?" The boisterous-eyed Jumbo reflectively, and I thought he looked somewhat sceptical.

Jumbo had run towards the wagon directly it lumbered into the compound, and an inquisitive and destructive trunk was already prospecting the interior. Perhaps he thought it was some kind of mobile garden, especially brought along for him to sport. I caught one of his ears and led him gently back a few paces to where the edge of the plank rested on the ground.

"Come along, old chap," I said. "Up, boy! Up a daisy!"

He snorted and drew back. I tried again. He squeaked, dashed his head, squinted, and batted me like a goat, whereupon I sat down in the dust. Jan grabbed the other ear, and the next second he sat down beside me.

"Better try the rope," he said, thoughtfully, as we both rose to our feet.

We secured the rope round Jumbo's neck, fast preparing a loop and knot so that it would not tighten and choke him. Then I called over about a dozen of my boys.

At last we managed to get him half-way up the board. Then, just when victory seemed in sight, the oxen suddenly lurched forward, the great-plank crashed to the ground . . . and we all fell in a heap with the elephant on top of us! He snarped

off, winking his trunk, the rope trailing behind him, and a dozen natives hot in pursuit.

Coetsee rose slowly and scowled for his page. I also rose, wiping my moist forehead. Beads of sweat trickled over my eyebrows, started on my eyelashes.

Jan had arranged to transport him from Graham's, the nearest railroad, to the Johannesburg Zoo.

"Let's walk to Graham's, for a baby," said Jan, thoughtfully.

Again I agreed.

"Well, if he won't go inside," Jan confessed, "then he must walk outside."

The natives had now caught Jumbo, and so he knew them all he came walking back with them apparently quiet and subdued, Peter trailing wretchedly at his side.

Jan placed the plank back in the wagon and tied the loose end of the rope to the tailboard, after carefully re-constructing the knot that secured the loop to Jumbo's neck. I stepped forward to bid the little fellow farewell. I had rather dreaded this moment.

"Good-bye, old chap," I whispered.

The composed seemed strangely lonely and desolate as I walked slowly back to my hut.

I missed the little fellow.



It started this way



A famous result of British occupation of India is the fact that you live in a "bungalow." This name for a type of house is surely an English corruption of "bangla" or "bangla," which means "belonging to Bengal." The bungalow was originally the sick type of house in which Englishmen lived in India and Malaya.

In 1845 an American with toothache agreed to let dentist Wells give him a dose of ether to try and kill the pain of extraction—he felt no pain, and was the first patient of modern dentistry and surgery to benefit by anaesthetics. Though anaesthetics were not successfully practiced for centuries, the Aztecs and the Chinese both used narcotic, headache and drowsy with good results.



His name has been forgotten, but he was quite a comedian. He may have played all-night stunts, or have been a medieval King's court jester. But his invention raised a laugh: he forced two stakes together so that when they were used to club his "feet men" a loud cracking sound resulted without harming the actor. He all broad comedy came to be called "clapstick."

At Berlin, Germany, in 1881 an earnest doctor named Pankaj announced that he had accidentally seized something peculiar about the bodies he had studied—on every case the print made by the finger was in a different pattern. The Frenchman Bertillon made a special study of Pankaj's observation, and in 1885 fingerprints were accepted as a means of identification.



STAGEHANDS *Angle*

THE STAGE IS SET. Up on his perch amongst the lights the technician pushes a lever, pulls a rope and the tableau rises to prominent level—the scene then is ingeniously passed to spot success to another scene. Many might envy him his job, but back-stage experience has shattered his illusion, and he is wiser than the high hats who pay heavy prices for front row seats. Moreover, his is a distorted impression of the stage as well as seen from the trick photograph overhead.



SCENES LIKE THIS at a famed Paris house give an impression of wild life back-stage, but to the critics and technicians it is part of another night's work. To the girls it means petting standing in crowded dressing-rooms, or droughty wings, awaiting their cue. When all stage they look in wings, as much to keep warm as to protect themselves from the gaze of the dozen or so



stage-hands. And, if this should seem strangely unnecessary, when compared with nude appearances before an audience of 1000, the profusion respects their careful modesty. When the last curtain drops and the powerful are left in no longer glare, the girls hurry away. In most cases the serious business of living allows them little time for revelry.

The Chinese were among the first doctors and not all subscribe to superstitious beliefs



A Dose of Dried

ANTHONY STRONG

Lizard

AN KEE was a very old Chinese. He collapsed in a city street, lay on the ground and pointed anxiously to his stomach. He was sweating profusely, and his arms felt as jittery as his urgently needed attention.

He protested valiantly when a passer-by placed him in a taxi cab and told the driver to take Ah Kee to hospital what he wanted, said the Chinese, was to be taken to that part of the city where he knew he would find medical aid of his own liking.

Fifteen minutes later, he came out of a Chinese herbalist's with his stomach pain gone. The medical lore of his ancestors had again proved their efficacy.

Was Ah Kee's cure psychological? It is possible, for psychological cases—and ill—have never been the prerogative of the West.

It is not surprising that a son of China is temporarily coddled from his native land, with pride to seek the assistance of a countryman in whose medical knowledge—whatever it may be from European standards—he has confidence, rather than a man against whom he is traditionally prejudiced.

Most Chinese herbalists practicing in Australia have long furnished the use of dried lizards snakes and lizards. One well-known Sydney herbalist across the "new look" in herbal prescriptions—

"The basis of our remedies is much the same as those used in the British Pharmacopoeia. If the more exotic remedies were ever used here which I doubt, it was long before I started prescribing—and that is over 30 years ago."

Kaiser Chin-pong who ruled in 285 B.C., is reputed to have pre-

sided a catalogue of Chinese herbs which includes many herbs currently used by white doctors. He made a plan that the ingredients of the prescription were the chemicals contained in the items named in the catalogue.

One of the most eagerly sought of all Chinese herbs is Ginseng, a root forced thousands of years ago by a cook who, astonished by its similarity to the shape of a man's body, carried it to an authority who recognized that, brewed as a tea, it could possess astonishing qualities. According to the Chinese, Ginseng is the best and most potent of carotols, stimulants, stomachics and cardiacs, and, above all, it will best excite and re-arrange falling forces so that his thin root in his mouth will add out of labor an hour when he does his job.

Ginseng roots are so prized that they sell at the English equivalent of from \$18 to \$25—and are thus available in China only to the upper classes. Yet it has been proven that the root actually has little therapeutic value beyond being a mild anesthetic stimulant, so that its effect is indeed psychological.

According to a Sydney herbalist, 80 per cent of drugs used by white doctors are derived from herbs, all of which have their counterpart in Chinese herbals. He personally keeps a range of 60 ingredients, and as many as it may be used to fill one prescription.

"However," he said, "many of my herbs are European, and for this reason, most formulae can be applied in pill form, thus avoiding the necessity for the client to have his remedy at home. Frankly, there are many more pleasant odors than those given off by brewing herbs."

Like other herbals interviewed, he refused to divulge the ingredients of his remedies, stating that most of them defer in some degree to those of his competitors. He emphasized,

too, that in Australia, at least, it is literally impossible to secure remedies containing exotic ingredients such as dried bamboo snakes. Such "curios," he said, may still be popular in China, but to Europeans the thought of taking them would be repulsive.

Prices for herbals' remedies average a half pence for a box they course. For that amount, you may receive Sui Yang, for treatment of nervous disorders; Hsun Hui, for asthma; Meng Gai, to remedy forgetfulness; Hui Hui, for nose bleeding, while for 1/6, Sun Chien will purge worms and Gwang Tzu prevent hair from falling out.

How efficient are such remedies? Dr. Richard Frey, who accompanied the Chinese Eighth Army on a campaign some years ago, said at a medical conference:

"By analysis and clinical treatment, we have learned that much of Chinese medicine is scientific, although no Chinese doctor can explain the scientific action."

An Australian medical view is that while the ingredients contained in remedies are usually to harm the patient, Chinese herbals do their clients a disservice because they are not generally able scientifically to diagnose the complaints of their patients. Furthermore, added the authority, during treatment for one symptom, really serious complaints may be overlooked, for the symptoms may indicate some dangerous physiological state calling for treatment which herbals cannot give—and which, if they were able to carry out, they would not be allowed by law to do.

There is no doubt, however, that the present-day Chinese, at home and abroad, will continue to harbor the words of Wai Tzu who, it is said, lived in 400 B.C. and is reputed to be the Father of Chinese Herbals:

"I will go with thee, and be thy guide; in thy need need to go by thy side."



WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF SUCCESS

Success the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit.

Butler Hudibras

Things ill-got had ever had success

Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*

God will exaltate
Success one day.

R. Brinsford, Prince Nakanishi-Schoungou

There are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the nurse an misery and success
To teach oppressors laws, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud

Holmes, *The Man of Honour*

The true teachers of desert—success.

Byron, *Marino Faliero*

The fame of success remains, when the motives of attempt are forgotten.
Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice.*

Self-trust is the first secret of success.

Emerson

The wit is mortal to command success,
But we'll do more, Success we'll deserve it

Adams, *Cato.*

★ J. Arthur Rank's Rosemary Treason is
right freight for any skipper's punt.





Genghis Khan

No war correspondent need be out of work while there's an Asia. Its latest upheavals are said to be due to the fact that it is awakening from the long darkness of the past—but in that dark past it had upheavals which were if anything, worse than those of the present.

The world has never seen a more powerful war lord than Asia's second Genghis Khan. He despatched half the world in blood and executed a personal effort of which no power in history has shown equal.

Genghis Khan marched with his Golden Hordes over many dynasties of Persia and kingdoms of China, leaving only ruins to be seen over countless lands and a peacelessness after his death. Christians believed that he and his army were the soldiers of Anti-Christ come to reap the last dreadful harvest.

His recruited soldiers were an early form of blitzkrieg. Men flocked to serve him in hundreds, and other desperate battles he became master of the Gobi desert.

In 1211 he anticipated the effects of the Maggot, march, turned against the Kingdom of Cathay—with a contingent of nations who trusted to him for protection. The year had passed reports of the country, he was let through the wall by sympathizers, and the Chinese—although of a higher culture, and possessing a knowledge of gunpowder—could not withstand his attacks. The emperor fled to safer regions and by 1215

Genghis Khan had the greater part of Cathay under his control.

He next took an army of a quarter of a million men from Lake Baikal in Siberia over the ranges of Middle Asia as far as India. This was a task beyond the hope of modern armies to accomplish, but Minnie survived incredible hardships, when short of food they simply opened the veins in their horses, drank some blood and ate the veins again. Before Genghis Khan himself arrived in Persia his advance guards fought terrible battles with the forces of the Shah who, although at first victorious, never recovered from an overwhelming loss of the animals. The war raged about a thousand miles from the shores of Islam, Balkh and Samarkand were taken with great plunder and terrible massacres.

Greater victories were to come. The Mongols defeated 32,000 Russians along the Danube, they went into the Chinese and crossed into Europe, they crushed Persia, throughout whose cities fell from Tibet to the Caspian Sea. Genghis Khan was Emperor of all men. When he died in 1227 he left his sons the most destructive army and the greatest Empire.

Today Australia, and the rest of the world, watches with growing alarm the possible birth of a new world power, and wonders the fate of the Western world if should it lose supremacy.



CRIME

passionelle

★ RODERICK THREW

He thought he knew about this woman. But he knew too late.

SHE came in smiling. She swept past him like a breeze, and wherever she had skirted behind her ears before she left boots came off on the car, and he smelt it.

He closed the door and followed her down the hallway of the apartment. As she crossed the spangly carpet of the lounge he watched the rapid outline of her back. When she eased herself into the deep chair he watched the unsuited glory of her silk, crossed legs. She meant him to see her knees, and he did.

"How's your wife?" she asked. Her grey eyes twinkled as they met his as she asked. She didn't care about his wife. She didn't care about anything except seeing him. But she liked to remind him that he had a wife.

"All right," he nodded.
"Difficult as ever?" she asked.
He nodded again. "After all, she lives a free life, she gets a comfortable income from me, what has she to worry about?" he said.
The woman grasped and held his hand.



"She hasn't anything to worry about," she said lightly. In the following years she squared her head. He looked down, and he saw the smile vanish from her face. Her change of mood was infectious; he felt it, and it was uneasy. "I have to make the sacrifice," she said softly. She dragged the words out slowly, pointed as if more were coming, and they didn't come.

"The sacrifice?" he asked.

Only she stood between him and a vibrant, smiling girl.

She let go his hand and drew deeply on her cigarette. She watched the smoke trickle from her finely chiselled nose. Her grey eyes fastened on a chameleon mental clock and stayed there.

He sat down on the arm of her chair and made an effort to embrace

her. She was cold as marble.

"A sacrifice?" he asked in a whisper.

She shook her head with a quick, decisive gesture that wrangled the short curly hair.

"Don't make me talk about it, darling," she said. "It's bad enough."

"Do you mean—about us?" he asked.

She kept staring at the chronograph clock.

"I mean the sacrifice of being away from you some of the time," she said. Her eyes came alive at she said it, and looked into his. He tightened his arm round her and then she threw herself into his arms, clung to him as if in fear, and whispered:

"If only she was dead, if only she was dead!" the woman whispered.

"She isn't getting in our way," he said.

The wife wasn't either. She didn't care what he did, she said long ago she knew what to expect of men. She had what she wanted, and she was happy with it. She lived her life spending his money. She sent him her dress bills and her garage bills as well. He hadn't seen her for over a year.

"If only she was dead," the girl repeated. She made it's very conscious that she was close.

He tapped with the nail blue. Flayed with it is wilderness. She was terribly healthy, that wife-in-the-way. She was good for another thirty years. Thirty years was too long to wait—he looked at the silver blonde hair on his shoulder, felt the vibrant warmth of the girl in his arms, and wondered how she would be at thirty years.

He couldn't visualize thirty years. He couldn't remember back that far, and he didn't even know how long again it would be. He wondered if he could live.

The girl in his arms seemed to read his thoughts.

"Why don't you . . ." she said. She didn't say any more than that, and he knew what she meant.

"My God, no," he emphasized.

"There must be a way . . . some sort of accident . . ."

He took his arms from around her and pushed her away. "Please don't talk like that, darling," he said. "I know how you feel. I know how I

feel. But—"

There was a long silence. She had gone back to the deep chair, and her coat was above her knees. He saw as much of her legs as she wanted him to see, and felt disturbed. He caught another whiff of the stuff she dabbed behind her ears, and the afternoon was close the moment to dash through the window onto the long whiteness of her throat and neck. She pulled her head.

Then, when the last sentence was almost forgotten she echoed "But—"

"Listen," he told her. "I think of us happy in the sun, calm and contented in a long walk in the country. I think of us happy always. We couldn't be happy if we remembered . . ."

"We'd forget!" she said. "You couldn't remember unpleasant things if you were with me all the time." She stretched, and he watched her long shimmers luxuriate.

He felt distracted. "No you brute devil! I won't do it! I couldn't! I wouldn't know how!" he said lightly. "Now don't talk that way any more," "The very thing," she said.

He poured her a drink. She watched him back looking over the rim of the glass into his eyes. She sipped at her drink and said, "Aren't I awful, thinking of things like that? Do forgive me, my love."

He refilled her drink and sat down beside her. Her fingers played in his hair, and he wanted to make love to her, but she wouldn't let him.

"Give me another drink now," she said. "You all teased up. I might relax permanently . . ."

They drank again. They stared there and drank until it was almost dark. It was too dark to see the chronograph round clock across the room. Fading dusk out the windows out of the darker wall. They were safe by side, but the glass made their faces indistinct white patches. The glasses and the drink.

He got up to put the light on. When he was standing beside her she reached out and grasped his hand, and asked him where he was going. "We could do with some light," he said.

"Don't put the light on; it's . . ." she pressed, her husky voice did something to him when she said, slowly, "It's romantic here—in the dark."

Then she was in his arms again. He held her, felt her whisper to him, and she smiled and giggled against him and said, "I'm so happy, so proud to be yours. I'd like the whole world to know—do see us now. I'd like your wife to see us—before she dies—"

They kept talking. When he got up abruptly and went out, she said, "Had I best go home—or—shall I wait?"

He said thickly, "Yes please yourself. You'd best go home."

She shook her head and stretched again, in that feline way.

"I'll stay here. I'll get undressed and go to bed. Come in quietly, I might be asleep."

"If you see—," he started.

She squeezed his arm and gave him a little half drunken kiss.

"Wake me up," she said.

She went into the bedroom and closed the door softly. He strode across the room after her, knocked on the door. "I'm coming in," he said.

"When you come back," she called.

He turned the door handle, but she'd locked it. He rattled on the door, and she called, almost puffy, "When you come back—and please be quick!"

Everything he did seemed only half real. He felt as if he was walking on air, and the traffic noises were distant. His car purred along as if it were his car powered by somebody else. Once being driven by somebody else. Once when he felt in his pocket to make sure the keys were there the point of it prickled his finger, drawing blood.

He didn't feel the prick of it. He thought about his wife, about the curious way she had grown to hate him. He thought about the way she stood between him and an advertisement almost girl, and he recoiled the indignation on his forehead she imposed. She was silent for it.

When he returned to the flat he thought that it was all very simple. He had walked the last mile, leaving the car outside a theatre. Afterwards he had backed the keys in the end of a flowered in a park, and he was unconscious.

When he went in the flat was dark. "Don't make a noise," she said. "I might be asleep."

He put the light on and took all his overcoat. He undressed in the second bedroom. Then he went in to her. He remembered the smile on her face as she said, "Wake me up."

But he didn't wake her up. She wasn't there.

The effects of the whisky were off, and he began to remember how it had all been. Remembering that, and worrying when the real had gone he had a pretty bad night. He thought the dawn would never come.

It was still dark when the telephone rang and he thrilled as he answered it to hear the voice of the girl.

"Thanks, darling," she said. "I've just seen it in the papers. They call it the perfect crime. God, you're clever, my darling!"

He didn't even pause himself. "Where are you, in heaven's name?" he asked.

She gave a throaty laugh. "Goodbye, darling," she said. "I'll never be able to repay you. Now she's out of the way my husband will come back to me—and he'll see awfully rich to have let her get away with him."

That was all he heard. That was all that was left to him—that, and realization.

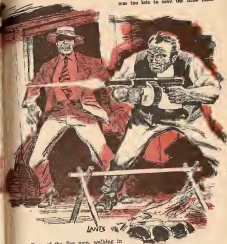


TOO SMART TO LIVE

Nature has a double-crosser at heart,
Always feared other guys by himself.

THE wisest swamp stretched out for miles ahead. It was deep, late, black-spooky moon, from five to fifty feet deep. In spots, the water covered the mudflats; in other places, it was several feet below the surface. The only vegetation was the reeds; some tall and a few stunted ones, whose roots went down to solid earth many feet below.

Nothing lived in this country except thousands of rabbits—and a few hunted humans. The rabbits, using the same runways had, through countless generations, panned the swamps into a criss-cross pattern of trails. Men could walk on those trails, too, if there were something in the swamps worth hunting. In the swamps of Northern Minnesota they worked badly enough.



Four of the five men, walking in single file along the narrow rabbit trail, did want something badly. That was why they were here. The fifth man, who was in the lead, did not want anything in this swamp. He walked desperately that he was miles away from it. He was a little, skinny fellow and wore a black-and-white checked suit, a pearl-gray jacket and bright-yellow shoes. He looked like a cheap gambler or race-track test.

The four men, behind him, were not from a different mould. They were big, athletic men. They wore city clothes, but their bronzed faces indicated that they spent much of their time outdoors. The first man behind the little fellow carried a Thompson sub-machine gun. The two men following had auto-loading shot-guns. The fifth man carried a

"THE property of gold in preserving tissue is being increasingly utilized by scientists. In a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Lajos Wachs Chomakov reports the following case:

An Italian workman had his thumb nearly severed in an accident. Four hours later the parts were stitched together. After this suture, the thumb was kept in ice for twenty-four hours. The result was a complete recovery.

A five-year-old girl had her finger nearly severed with a hatchet, leaving only a thin bridge of skin. After suture, the finger was packed in ice for thirty-six hours. Result, a perfect finger.

somehow gun. All four had automatics in shoulder holsters.

The little man in the lead was unharmed. He didn't seem to be enjoying himself. It was a chilly fall day, but he was perspiring freely. After some time of walking, he stopped and turned around.

"We're almost there now," he croaked in a hoarse voice. "The cabin's right there in that bunch of trees."

The second man's jaws bunched. "Keep right on point. And if you know what's good for you, you'll not make any noise or give any warning. Understand?"

The little man nodded his lips. "Yeah, but I'm telling you if Jim Fargo or Dummy, the Greek, or that lunk at me, there's going to shoot me first. They'll figure that I put the snaps on them."

"Well didn't you, Natsuk?" asked the man with the lumpy-gun pointedly.

Natsuk's forehead thinned. "You made me do it, Mr. Farnham. You said if I didn't, you'd send me on for ten years. And you know I couldn't stand ten years—not with my legs."

"I'll keep my part of the bargain," replied Farnham. "The government isn't interested in mail-fry like you—but we do want Jim Fargo and Nick

Dorcas. Now, let's move on."

Natsuk turned back to the trail. Up ahead, were Jim Fargo and Dummy, the Greek, Public Enemies numbers 1 and 2. Natsuk knew where their hideout was.

Three years ago Natsuk had heard that Tommy Logan was looking for Jim Fargo. He'd told Fargo about it, and Fargo had decided that it might be a very pleasant thing to go up into the northwoods for a few weeks of deer hunting. Natsuk had decided to go along, because it wasn't considered healthy to watch an Tommy Logan.

They'd found this old trapper's cabin and had camped out in it for a couple of weeks. They took with them only food and a rifle. After two weeks, they heard over the radio that "Kid Doc" Dummy Logan had been cut down in a telephone booth, and figured that it was therefore safe to return to the city.

It showed Fargo's genius for organization that job on Logan. The gun had come up to scratch just as though he'd been there himself directing operations. He was always directing—Fargo—never getting himself personally involved in the dirty work. You had to give it to him; he had the knack of seeing men in the right places.

Dummy, for instance. Dummy was lost on the trigger. Natsuk was pretty sure that Dummy had been responsible for the Logan job. He didn't know for sure, and he never found out. They didn't talk in Fargo's gang, and if the police had any ideas, they hadn't been able to do anything about them.

Dummy had made it clear as soon as they got back that he wasn't in favor of Natsuk's knowing too much. But Fargo had brought news Dummy to live in the matter of Natsuk's. Fargo always paid his debts and Natsuk was a debt he'd owed his life. Dummy said the rest knew there was nothing for it but to accept Natsuk.

Natsuk knew where he figured in the set-up. They hadn't trusted him slightly. Fargo didn't trust him either. That was why he kept him so close, that was why he'd found him Dolly. She'd had been fun, but Natsuk's knew Fargo was paying her—just to keep her busy when Fargo couldn't be watching him. But what matter to Natsuk? He'd got what he wanted, and he had the laugh on them.

Seeing Fargo's life had been a something chance to get him on easy street. And it had come off. Since then he'd been making up Fargo's back all because Fargo figured he owed it to him for saving his life. It had been a swell three years—swell parties, swell dames. Natsuk had enjoyed the sense of power he gained in the reflection of Fargo's power. He'd even given up smoking after awhile. No point when Fargo's money was his for the taking. And Fargo was doing better and better. The shakedown was pouring in until Natsuk wondered if there could be anyone who wasn't paying in to Fargo's party.

He'd taken plenty himself; and now even he felt a bit short what he was doing. Worst of it was he

couldn't be sure of getting out of it alive. He knew Dummy's reputation. He'd never missed a shot, and he sure wouldn't miss this one if he could lay his rights on Natsuk. And even if he did pull this off. What then? He'd be back on his own again. The same old life, taking the chance—sometimes on the top, mostly taking the loss. And Fargo's crowd would be onto him. He'd hear too confident in Fargo, never thought he could lose on him.

Fargo how it happened. Fargo was careful about police places, particularly where the back hold-up when a teller had got in the way of Dummy's gun. But last's post was off the highway, and, in any case, Lang was slight. They'd had a private room.

It had been Dolly's birthday and Dolly had forced a Chinese dinner right in the middle of the festivities. Thinking it over, Natsuk wondered if Dolly hadn't put the police up to it. It was hard to get away from Fargo. Getting rid of him was almost the only way of bringing it off.

Most of the time was pretty cold when they'd got there, but Natsuk remembered that Fargo, as usual, was alert. All through that meal he'd kept his eye on Lang, and he was making to break it up when he got Lang's rifle. What happened then was so fast that Natsuk was left holding the check, knowing somehow that Dummy and Fargo had gone before the police burst in on them. Fargo gone without Natsuk! And Natsuk was taking a bit of cross-examination. They'd known he'd been in on the back robbery.

And now Natsuk's Neighbors, who had once saved Jim Fargo's life was putting the dinner on him—leading the police to his hideout.

Jim Fargo wouldn't like that one bit. He didn't want Natsuk and the four Decks were still two hundred yards from the thick patch of timber.

She won him with her lilting voice
As if a song was raised
Before they wed, her pretty voice
Was what he mainly praised
But now she makes a song about
Just anything, and gloom
Between, in Pop-Day's swift short,
He must supply the notes.

idea, when two machine guns began chattering, and bullets plinked into the muskies only a few feet in front of Neterals. The surge was short but, before Fango and Denney could react, Neterals had thrown himself headlong from the trail into the musking. He landed in a deep hollow, sunk into the soft, wet stuff. He screwed down into it, as deep as he could. He didn't even try to see what the others were doing. This sole idea was to get as far out of sight as possible from Jim Fango and Denney, the Greek.

The machines gave roared and chattered intermittently for three or four minutes, then suddenly they stopped. But Naturski didn't come out of his hole. Not until a voice shouted over him with "All right, Naturski, get up."

Naturski lifted his head out of the cozy nook and twisted it around. "Grazie, grazie," he rapped.

The lean face of the tall gangster twisted into a snarl. "Yeah, it's me. Get up, you rat."

Natasha Needham struggled to her feet. He looked around and gulped. Nick Demastros, smug and sleek.

The Greek's eyes flashed. "Dogs? Yes, I never thought of that! Sure, he'll eat dogs." He shrugged. "I guess we're finished, huh, Doc?"

Nature's caller suddenly felt tight around his neck. He coughed respectably. "Honest, Jim, I can help if they had that room. An' you know I could."

Myers felt suddenly as

temperature had dropped to twenty below zero. All his life he'd gambled—but in his way. Now, he had to play the other fellow's game. The rider was his life.

"It ain't fair," he whined.
"Fair?" snarled Fargo. "You talk about fair, after you brought the Duke up here? Good?" He turned suddenly and snarled out at the mob.

Naturals watched him talking again with Denney, saw him pull out a pencil and scribble.

Fargo returned "All right," he snarled. "The two pieces of paper are on the ground. You pick up one of them. If it's clean, you start running" like hell. If it ain't—Denney's ready."

He was rabby, Naturals stepped to the doorway. He looked at Denney sitting on the log, the twenty-gun in his hands. He saw the delighted grin on his swarthy face and the truth suddenly hit him. Jan Fargo and Denney were playing the cat-and-mouse game with him. They had

no intention of letting him go free. Fargo had marked crosses on both sheets of paper.

Gambling chance, hell! He had a much chance of getting away alone as a farmer had of keeping his backside at a conversation of shell-and-pea men.

Shell-and-pea men? A picture flashed before Naturals' eyes. It was something he'd seen years ago—a smart guy passing one over on a thrille-and-pea men. The man had known that these really wasn't a pea under any of the thrillies. He'd bet a roll that the pea was under the middle thrillie. But, when the gambler started to pick it up, he'd caught the man's hand and said, "No, we don't do it that way. We'll pick up the other two thrillies, and, if it ain't under either, then it must be under the middle one." The thrille-and-pea men had squeaked, of course, but the man had showed the butt of a huge Jarno-pistol and had calmly played up the two outside shells. Of course he had won.

Perhaps Naturals could pull the same stunt here. He knew Jan Fargo, at old. He knew that if he could outwit him, Fargo would stick to the crosses—let him go.

He took a deep breath and stepped out of the cabin. He saw the two squares of white paper on the ground, stooped and picked one up. He held it for both Jan Fargo and Denney to see.

"This is the one I'm picking," he said.

"All right, open it up," said Fargo.

"It's clean, you go. If not—"

"No," said Naturals. "I won't do it that way. I've picked' first one, but I won't look at it."

Before either of the two gamblers could protest, he stepped up to the fire and tossed the folded piece of paper on the coals. These swirled up, enveloped it in a flash and the paper was gone.

"Now," said Naturals, "I'll look at the other one. If it's got a cross on it, then the one I picked must have been clean—and I'm free."

Fargo's jaw was slack, and his eyes seemed to be peeping from his hand. Naturals looked at him and chuckled.

He picked up the second square of paper, unfolded it.

It was clean!
A hoarse cry burst from Naturals' throat. He looked wildly at Jan Fargo, saw his poker face. He whistled toward Denney—and the Greek raised his machine gun.

Nick Denney said "It's a good thing he picked the wrong piece of paper. Just because he sees ahead your life won't be worth for you to get anti-hearted. Hell, we're in this fix because he double-crossed you."

Jan Fargo stood down at the huddled body of Naturals. "Yosh," he said slowly. "Naturals was a double-crosser at least. He never could see things straight. Always figured other guys by himself. He was a wise guy—if he only knew!"

"Knew what?"

Fargo's eyes were blank. "What the hell Denney—yes and me, we're gone! I've got sure up a little while and he did save my life once. I really meant to let him go. I gave him a sure-thing gamble, and he twisted it around and lost his life by it. You see—both of those sheets of paper were blank."





BEACH DIVERS—ECON BY GORDON

Snag Number One . . . Beach herself with large hat and sunglasses and very little else. When you finally get around to notice if she has a match, she turns out to be either a girl friend of your wife, your sister-in-law or maybe, even the little woman herself.



Snag Number Two . . . Plays hard to get while only keeping a large male between you and her gorgeous legs. The likelihood is that you don't know whether he is her father, brother, boyfriend, husband, or just some bloke who doesn't like you anyway.



Snag Number Three . . . Slips skittishly around you with all the tricks of a playful kitten until you can contain yourself no longer and decide to join in the happy fun games with which, whereas masses of her pals come from nowhere and gleefully chuck you into the drink.



Snag Number Four . . . On the beach in a happy costume she really knows you for a loop. You make an appointment to take her home to see the folks and when she turns up fully dressed she again knows you for a loop . . . only in a different way.



Snag Number Five . . . Knew you weren't around all day running your suitcase running up and down the beach, playing ball, etc., until you are so dazed that you can't even think. Then pick off with the wolf who has been loitering around in the background all day.

Snag Number Six . . . The Beauty who looks like a model out of a magazine! City Store window. Later you are to discover that she not only looks one but is all interest and surprise in a dumb dummy.



Passing Sentences

A man's love affair is just business when he comes to talk about it.

The test of good managers is being able to get up pleasantly with bad ones.

Locals have a habit of dragging when you try to rest on them.

Bored are no trouble if you monopolize the conversation yourself.

People who live in glass houses are interesting neighbours.

A new baby brightens up the house, especially at night.

The penalty for a stolen kiss can be a life sentence.

As soon as she left she was the life of the party.

A woman never knows what she wants until she buys it.

Definition: Pause (not of raising the eyebrows instead of the real).

Some people's voices are hard to distinguish over the telephone.

Dining: Triumph of mind over platter.

Sign on a theatre: 35 Beautiful Girls—30 Beautiful Costumes.

She learned to say things with her eyes that others waste time putting into words.

People who complain that there is no justice are usually hoping it's so.



"And don't forget. Every great inventor was told his idea was impossible!"



Cradle of GLAMOUR

DID you think glamour gals were born that way? Forget it! Truth is that half of glamour is pose—and you get that little thing the hard way! Girls don't walk around with books as a new crump head-dress—they do it as an exercise to make them keep the body posture which gives them what is known to all good novelists as "the deportment of a queen."



THIS isn't a holiday from learning how to look lovely—it's an examination at the glamour school; and those who don't pass the exam get all well! That thick board will stay right where it is—if the walkers have learned their lesson in poise. And, oh yes—they're cheating if they look at their feet while they make the crossing.



AS the gracefully walking woman is the one who attracts attention, we should add the graceful standing! The face has to stand up to inspection, too. The one key special situation! the shape of legs that sets the feet used at the American Glamour school shows the shape of legs that sets the shape of face you have. Subtle? Sure! And very becoming to the male eye, too.



SO THESE LASSIES passed the test. They came out dry, and went into this post. Very hard to make this look lively and attractive, but these lassies must have loved their launch, if the way they do the job counts at all. The girls who go ashore become seamstresses, and models. They may even have to be film stars.

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



PAPABINE is the name of a new drug controlling heart rhythm. Quinidine has previously been used in such cases of heart disease, but it has been difficult to obtain since the Japanese invasion of Java—source of most of the world's supply of quinine and quinidine. Papabine comes from the leaves and young twigs of *Papaya* tree, a tree growing in central and southern America. Animal studies have shown it more active in effect than quinidine.

A RECENTLY developed electric eye technique for detecting and counting airborne germs is a new aid to research on the common cold, influenza and hay fever.

HALF A POUND of liver is eaten every day, or liver extract injections every week for two, have been the dismal outlook for sufferers of pernicious anemia. Now, it seems, a few small, red, needle-shaped crystals injected by hypodermic once in a while will suffice. At present there is so little of the vitamin that it cannot even be supplied to research workers outside the discoverer laboratories, Mudd and Co., so patients will not be able to get it for some time.

A NEW sub-pain ether-analgesic—under trial at the moment. If it comes up to expectations it may

replace streptomycin in treatment of some serious diseases, though, as far as is known, it is not effective against tuberculosis germs, against which streptomycin is powerful.

SOUTH AFRICAN scientists believe that DDT may provide an answer to the problem of malaria which carries a deadly blood infection to cattle and game, and sleeping sickness to human beings. Experiments are to be carried out in South Africa in a reserve in Zululand, where the disease has wiped out large herds of game.

ACCORDING to Soviet Test Agency a Prof. Madarov of the Military Special Institute has evolved a preparation for use as a blood substitute against shock. It is known as blue-blood, and the discoverer asserts that animals injected with the solution recovered from states of shock within two minutes.

BACILLACIN—a new penicillin-like drug, equally effective but more the unpleasant reactions of penicillin—is likely to provide a remedy for sore throat. Experiments are being carried out at the University of Michigan Hospital, where it has given satisfactory results with mild sore throats and secondary ear infections developing after tonsil operations.

Life was finished anyhow. Better to end it in the cause of justice.

CEDRIC R. MENTILAY



Tidy suicide

THERE is one case at least which provides a new and interesting slant on the question of suicide—one known case. In his hand at the story closely re-affirmed very often that suicides are always "of assumed mind." For this reason, it is worth telling the full story of that tidy, deliberate suicide who, in case any family connections should be heard, I am going to call James Barrington. Here is the whole, true story, as it happened in New Zealand not many years ago.

James Barrington sat at his desk and stared moodily before him. It was a warm day in early summer; but for him a chill deeper than that of winter had crept in to make the snug room a gloomy chamber reeking of death.

He was engaged on a personal prob-

lem—the case of James Barrington, whose fate at the bar was hushed-held then throughout New Zealand. As he sat the facts carefully in his diary, weighing each point to make sure that no suggestion of him should creep in, he planned that if necessary his name would assist others later after their use to him was past; he was debating his own suicide.

He was a brilliant lawyer. When he ultimately pulled the trigger he shocked the legal profession of his country with one of the most carefully planned and efficiently executed suicides in history.

Barrington was a childless widower, but loneliness did not force him to take this step. For the past few months he had been preparing a case against a notorious international flaxman whose sentence would mean

another feather to his cap, a fact which was so nothing compared with the greater one that the man must be convicted. Research had convinced Barrington that the defendant was guilty and must not be given the slightest chance of escaping justice.

As the date for the trial had approached, Barrington had begun to be troubled by an uneasy, constricted feeling in the throat.

He had consulted an eminent specialist, a boyhood friend. Followed signs of uncertainty, and then he was there for the verdict, feeling like one of a hundred accused men he had seen standing in the box as the jury filed back into the courtroom.

"Well, what is it, Jack?" he asked.

"Nothing good, I'm afraid," The doctor's face was grave. "If you were one of my ordinary patients, I should feel it best to tell you as little as possible in order to keep you happy."

"But I have to tell you. In plain language, you have a malignant growth at the back of the throat, between the windpipe and the spinal column. It is growing, and is already causing some pressure. At any time you may lose your voice."

Barrington had imagined himself in court, laying the case before the jury, weighing their reaction, building slowly but surely towards the climax, and of a sudden—his speech thickened, ceasing, dying in his throat. The faces of the jury blurring and sweet breathing off as he forehead as he fought to carry on.

He could not withdraw now, with the hearing as close. If he did so, the defendant was powerful enough to turn the petitioner into a victory. Others would be quick to accuse the Crown Prosecutor of being interested of instant bribes.

If he collapsed, his associates would have to carry on with the case—a task for which he was poorly equipped. If, however, he went out

now, another man of ability would be briefed. The new man, aided by Barrington's own research, would stand a good chance.

And so the James Barrington himself. He had no dependents, so he tried to hold his to the world.

His decision was made before the last note was written in his diary. Without moving from his desk, he checked the position of all documents relating to the case. Personal papers were all in order—always had been, as a matter of professional pride.

He rose, and, with the step of a young man, left the office. A few minutes later he was in a sporting goods store nearby—a big, bluff man with the mark of the outdoors upon him, engaged in the selection of a 28 calibre rifle.

He paused, as if remembering something. New Zealand law demanded a licence for the weapon. "Can't break the law, I'll get that licence right now," he told the salesman.

He walked down to Police Headquarters and spent a pleasant half-hour talking to a sympathetic in the uniformed branch before returning to the shop with the licence. Then, with his paper-wrapped purchase and a carton of cartridges in his pocket, he strolled back towards his office.

Police and shopmen agreed afterwards that James Barrington had never seemed more at peace with the world.

In his office his actions were quick and precise. He unwrapped the rifle, and spread the brown paper carefully on the floor. After all, he reasoned, his successor would be using this office, and would want it left clean and neat.

A slender thought prompted him to pick the nose of a bullet so that it would do his job with less penetration.

He loaded the rifle, placed the butt on the floor, took the muzzle in his

mouth, and pressed the trigger with his thumb.

There was an instant, of course, and during it all these facts were brought out in evidence and in note form.

The suicide of James Harrington left no loose ends that might have caused trouble to other people. The papers explained everything, his affairs were promptly in order, and his forethought had removed even the first stages of being in possession of an unlicensed firearm.

Yet, for all that, he failed to convince the common's jury of something which was most apparent in all his preparations. The verdict was, unhesitatingly, "Rattle while of unwarred mind."

This meant of all self-destroyers was chosen far all time with the pitiful, the unhelped, the fanatic, who for a thousand warped reasons can no longer lose the thought of living.

British law, and American too, for that matter, recognizes no insanity in suicide. A verdict that a person died by his own hand is almost always followed by a rider that strange has at variance at the time.

To the Anglo-Saxon legal mind it is apparently impossible that a man in full possession of his or her faculties could have a sincere desire to end his life. This view, however, is not supported by scientists many of whom maintain that the impulse to take one's own life is on a much higher plane than the mere urge to kill.

"Murder is common to all species," says an eminent psychologist. "Male animals kill their rivals, and afterwards are committed to a daily drudgery of measures to support their mate and family." The Black Widow spider is only one of a number of female creatures which dispose of their spouse after he has served his purpose. The queen bee does the

same. But who ever heard of one of the lower animals committing suicide?"

That is a fair reserved specifically for men—and only because of the development of his brain which makes him the superior of the other creatures. The question is, an end to a brain, functioning normally, make such a decision? Or would it first have to be thrown off balance?

First of all you would have to remove the great mass of suicides—the people who press triggers, throw themselves under trains, jump from windows or cliff-tops. Suppose they were in a fit of black depression when they made these dark gestures; suppose they saw no hope ahead. Would they be necessarily insane at that moment? Remember, they had only to press a little too hard, less a little too far, and the decision was out of their hands.

In the mass of suicides, only a few appear to bear the seal stamp of madness. There was the man who solved himself in poison, applied a switch, and committed a second, almost last-act on his enemy's door-step; the other who killed himself by beating a large iron pot to red hot, then covering it and dropping it over his shoulders.

But for one unfortunate circumstance, the police for other reasons would go to the man who in an American city a few years ago wished to make a perfectly expensive exit. He had a large wooden cross in a room on the fifth floor of a city building, fitted a release gadget, cut a hole in his right hand, and nailed his feet and his left hand to the cross. He then pulled the switch, and as the cross twisted forward, forced his wounded right hand onto the nail prepared for the purpose.

His idea was that the cross which carried him would crash through the window and hang out over the street as some kind of a warning to all

others. The scheme failed because the delayed-action poison he had taken previously delayed too long, the cross bearing his mangled body was hoisted back through the window, and a stomach pump restored him to life and a brief blaze of publicity.

But even like these are so rare that they cannot be accepted as having any influence on the normal suicide. Most people who seek death by their own hand take the easiest way out, and are appalled by any possibility of pain or disappointment. Any censor or pathologist knows that if a would-be suicide could only

be persuaded to look at the unlovely figures on the stone slabs at the city cemeteries he would be cured for ever.

And there is something else which our friend whom I have called James Harrington (because that was not his name) must have forgotten. By his purchase of that gun license he showed his ingrained fear of contravening even the most minor law. By his subsequent action he committed a crime which is the British Code makes death to murder, but for which death is the qualification and not the penalty—the crime they call "killing one."

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



THE LADIES HAD TO STAND DURING THEIR CLUB MEETING BECAUSE WHEN THE TRICHOPIAN TRIED TO DELIVER THE CANDID IN THE MORNING, FRED PERLEY BOKE THEM BACK, NOT KNOWING THAT BY ACCOUNT OF THE PLUMBER'S BATH-ROOM HAVING LET GO, THE MEETING HAD BEEN SHIFTED TO HIS HOME.

SAUNDERS
WILLIAMS

INSURANCE COVERS ALMOST



everything



But you can't insure against having
a baby in the first year of marriage

MARK J. RANNING

of insurance better suited to the description. People are continually seeking to insure against some contingency or risk which has rarely, if ever, been handled by an insurance company before.

Two well-known and handsome male film stars in Hollywood hold insurance policies for \$3000 each against injury resulting in the disfigurement of their faces. The lens of one female star are insured for \$25,000, while a comedian who achieves much success by the wounding of his ear, has covered these areas with an insurance policy of \$8000.

Two years ago, a famous American fan-dancer wrote a letter to an insurance company. The letter read: "Dear Sirs: I wish to insure my breasts for \$5,000. My photograph is enclosed. Please send policy."

The company's volunteers and policy-thresholders spent a lot of time thoughtfully scrutinizing their book

and going over the photograph the fan-dancer had sent them. It was the first request received for insurance of a woman's breasts, but eventually it was granted.

An envelope of a Sydney insurance agent was on a counter-duty one day recently when a pale and very weary-looking man came slowly into the office and propped himself against a counter.

"I knew it would happen," he said to the employees.

"What was that?" the clerk asked. "I got sea-sick," the man told dramatically.

The clerk did his best to look sympathetic.

"Yes, but," he said.

"Yes," said the man, "that's how it passed."

"What happened?"

"I lost my false teeth," the man answered. "So now you can part out with the dentist."

The clerk was a little startled, but in asking a few questions he discovered that after paying twenty-five guineas for a set of dentures a year previously, the man had been in danger of losing or breaking them. He had therefore taken out a policy to cover them, and on his return from Melbourne to Sydney by sea, he had tossed over the rail and the worst had happened.

One of the largest groups of peculiar insurance is the "non-appearance" insurance. This covers an organizer or a producer of a concert or a play against the non-appearance of a star performer.

In an Australian city last year, an eminent artist was unable to appear in the concert platform because of an unexplained blockage of one eye. A few months earlier another artist from overseas was unable to sing at an advertised concert because of laryngitis. If both these performers had not been covered by "non-appearance insurance," huge losses

would have had to be borne by the organizers.

Film producers in Hollywood insure the members of their casts against sickness and accident, and against postponement of production, which would involve them in thousands of pounds.

A farmer who doesn't worry what fire or hail rains his crop, is probably covered by a "crop insurance" policy, and an architect who stands by and watches a house of his design fall to pieces before his eyes without bearing out his half, is no doubt insured against error and omission.

Few garden-parties, fairs, races or open-air sports arranged for profit are not covered by pavilion insurance, which covers the sponsors and organizers if a certain number of pounds of rain fall at a particular time.

In Sydney in September last year, the Red Cross Flower Festival was able to claim \$1000 because there were 10 points of rain within four hours, even though the weather cleared sufficiently for a large number of people to attend the Festival. On the 8th October, a night-football promoter in Sydney collected \$400 because 10 points of rain fell between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. and his match had to be abandoned.

A policy is able to insure against injuring another person while playing and against the loss of his club.

One man who prepared to sign a golfer's policy became most indignant. "Hey, you've missed something out here," he told his broker.

"What is that?" the broker asked. "You haven't said anything about losing the balls."

It was explained to him that insurance companies are quite unable to take responsibility for golf balls that are lost in the rough.

"That was the only damn reason I was taking the policy out," the golfer said and departed.

Several years ago, when Disper Companies in America commenced delivering babies' organs in collapsible containers and sailing westward to take the world over away in a rubber bag for bandaging, the enterprising young manager of one of these organisations visited his insurance company.

"I've got brains' things out," he said, "and I guess if one of my young customers should catch up with anything like dementia or such like, the matter would be likely run' me for assistance as warden! So I guess it's a job for you."

The insurance company thought about it, and they denied the Disper man was right. Thus was created the "Nipple Weather Insurance."

Parents are able to insure against loss of school fees should young Johnny or Susan develop measles or other complaint and miss their examinations adding another year to their schooling.

There is also a "Twin Insurance," which lightens the shock to parents who find their expectation suddenly multiplied by two. But one young woman in Sydney wanted to carry the protection a little further.

"I'm getting married on Saturday," she said, "and I want to take out an insurance against my husband and I having a child in the first twelve months of our marriage."

But a policy was refused.

"I'm afraid the risk is too great for us to carry," the company told her.

Bookmakers and peddlars' stock are, of course, insurable. So also are peddlars' pigs. However, the last group means insurance companies a great deal of trouble.

One man listening still in the memory of an employee of a Melbourne insurance office, is that of an elderly and funny woman who had heard pigs could be insured and wanted to take out a policy for £200 on her dog.

"What sort of a dog is it?" the clerk asked.

"It's white with black patches," the woman told him.

The clerk was patient.

"I mean what breed?" he explained.

"Oh! Well, he looks like a terrier but he's got a nose like an antelope and ears like an elephant. I call him 'Clare'."

"I'm afraid, madam, you would have to let us see its pedigree before we could insure it," the man told her.

"Pedigree?" the woman repeated. "I haven't got one."

"How much did you pay for the dog?"

"I didn't pay for it at all," the woman snapped in exasperation.

"Mrs B—— gave it to me out of one of her Sally's letters. It was the one Sally had after she got lost with the mongrel down the street."

Needless to say, Clare did not get her policy.

Manufacturers of insurance, and brokers standing heavily to meet expected demands, flooded insurance companies with applications for special insurance when it was announced that These Majesties, the King and Queen, would be making a tour of Australia and New Zealand. Those who had the foresight to do this avoided loss when the tour was cancelled.

Among other unusual insurance people may cover themselves against contracting polio; employers can insure against their employees "trafficking the till," and bookmakers against burning their customers' hands.

Next time you are sitting astride a horse on the merry-go-round at the Show, you will know that the owner has taken steps to protect himself against your falling off and breaking your leg, and when you're travelling in an aeroplane, you can look at the propeller and reflect on the huge sum that probably attaches to that great piece of machinery dropping off



"Congratulations! You've won a brand new £1,500* car, or its equivalent in cash. - £2,200."

OLD ENGLISH — TO-DAY



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 18)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHIP, A.R.A.I.A.



FIRST FLOOR

On this plan CAVALCADE offers a suggestion of a modern adaptation of English cottage architecture. The architect has adhered to the fact that it is not strictly two-stories, the living room being on a ground-level. The plan is simple and quite suitable for the architect, suburban building lot. It is a two-bedroom plan, with an additional room on the ground floor that could be a guest room or a study.

The living room is one of the principal features. Opened on to a terrace by means of glass doors, it also has a large window at the rear. By means of a picture window overlooking water it is linked to view of the garden from three sides. Occupying this wing entirely on its own, it could have a higher ceiling on the remainder of the ground floor rooms if this were desired. It presents golden opportunity for those people who like high ceilings.

The kitchen is conveniently placed for access to the front door, the terrace and the dining end of the living room. It is completely modern in its layout and equipment.

On the first floor the two bedrooms are fitted with built-in wardrobes, and a bathroom is placed between them. All three rooms open off the stair door, so that there is not one inch of waste space.

The minimum width of land required to accommodate this house is 30 feet, though naturally it would look better in a larger setting. The building cost, the rate of \$210 per square, would be \$2390.

Doing the Impossible



It was a very happy
And particularly snappy
Kind of friendship that spring up between us two—
She'd be a friend
To his and
If I'd nothing left to spend—
She was nice to see and know and fun to woo.
She was temperamental.
Sentimental.
Altogether lovely.
Domesticated.
Unfettered.
And promised to be witty—
And at the very wedding hour
Just before the hitching hour
She defamed with a plea I had in mind,
And she showed a strength of tongue
And lung
That won my admiration
For momentary compassion
Till I said things most unkind.
Then she cancelled out
Without a pause
The switching wedding plan,
And said she'd miss
The wedding bliss
Till she found another man . . .
What sound was next unspoken
And unforfeited at last
She gave back the beautiful token
And called me a selfish beast
But I proved a few old sayings wrong
With what I then achieved,
For I turned on the impossible
And left her most appalled—
The thing I did was most unheard,
In our argument I had lost word:
Not she, the women, I the men
Upset the way the proverb ran—
I shun aloud my boasting small
And, to show I had no bias,
Till tell you how I did it: I made apologies!

—Morris McLeod





WHITE JUSTICE

On a summer's day in 1816 Sir John Jenson stepped ashore in Sydney with his father's will in his hand. He knew nothing of the new land, but he believed his father, the late surgeon-general of the colony, owned considerable property at Regentville, near Parramatta. This was new to him.

A title amongst the colonists was always scarce. But Sir John thought he came to the dignity of his nation, admitted it was not a British knight-hood. Charles XIII of Sweden had bestowed it for valiant deeds performed by the youthful Jenson some years before.

But the attacks he had been called upon to repulse in Europe were nothing compared with the devilry he had to combat in his new home.

He enlarged his lands considerably, but such expenses infringed more and more into the national hunting grounds of the blacks, who resented their opportunity to turn him back.

Around the Liverpool plains they watched Sir John's men droving and guarding the sheep. At first they contented themselves with stealing occasional lambs. But as time went on they became more daring in their bad to and then whole men's cowards.

One evening they struck suddenly. Outside the drovers' hut one of the men sat crouched over the fire. As he bent forward to stir the pot, his head rolled off into the ashes of his own fire and as someone stood back to view his handwork, groined his intention and looked the slumped body across the fire. At the door of their hut two drovers stood frozen with horror. Instantly they had driven their post. Even as they pre-

pared to shoot the murderers, two seemed alive with black bodies.

The new life required a different strategy. He had based that life in the colony was hard—that it had few compensations. But he was a man of vision and besides—he was determined to benefit from the terms of the will. Before long he had secured a place of respect in the community, and was well on the way to national success.

"Better run for it" one of them whispered, "we haven't a hope against this mob."

They both struck out for the scrub with the blacks hot on their heels. The men fired occasional shots back as they ran, but every pause meant coming nearer to the spears. It seemed odd to keep going. Stumbling blindly over the branches and man, they had no hope of outpacing the sure-footed blacks.

Next day Sir John rode over his lands, saw the sharp straggling road the hot and called to the men.

The silence convinced him that they had packed up and left. But a grim trait, that told its own story, led into the bush.

The blacks had caught the drovers, cut them up and distributed the pieces round the hut. Perhaps they bargained on Sir John finding the evidence and taking the blame to heart. But Sir John had finer ideas.

He sent a message to the chief immediately that the murderers must be given up or the whole tribe would be punished. As whole men's punishment meant one thing—driven and death, the ring-leaders were handed over for conviction.

The blacks were beginning to learn the inevitable—that the white man had come to stay.



Designed for a
big family breakfast.

S.T.C. TOAST-A-RACK

KEEPS 5 SLICES
OF TOAST HOT
WHILE 2 MORE
ARE TOASTING



MAKES
APPROX.
45 SLICES
FOR ONE
PENNY

You've never tasted toast more uniformly and perfectly browned, for the Toast-A-Rack's carefully designed elements heat quickly and evenly. The non-stick doors are easily removed for thorough cleaning. Handsome, efficient, and economical, there is no finer toaster!

Price in all Capital Cities: 47/6

— Authorised S.T.C. Retailer —

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER



AN R.K.O. RADIO PICTURE PRESENTING
ROBERT ANTHONY, WILLIAM
HOLDEN AND LORETTA YOUNG
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BELBIN.

DEATH OF SUSAN HARVEY
LEAVES GRIP-STRICKEN
HUSBAND AND BEMODERED
SON. SHE HAD TRIED TO
BRING CULTURE TO
THEIR FRONTIER HOME.
EDUCATE DAVEY...



A YEAR PASSES BEFORE
HARVEY REALISES HE
NEEDS ASSISTANCE. IF
HE WISHES TO KEEP A HOME.
THE CABIN IS A SHAMBLES
DAVEY'S LESSON BOOKS
NEGLECTED...



AT A QUAKER OUTPOST SETTLEMENT IN EARLY AMERICA HE BUYS RACHEL OUT OF SLAVERY. SHE IS READY TO MAKE HIM A GOOD WIFE, BUT HE WANTS NO MORE OF HER THAN OF A BOND WOMAN....



"I'LL PAY EIGHTEEN DOLLARS FOUR TO COME."

BACK AT THE CABIN HARVEY RECALLS FORMER DAYS WITH SUSAN. RACHEL DOES NOT TELL SHE CAN PLAY THE SPINET....

A LITTLE MUSIC AFTER SUPPER IS A MIGHTY PROUD THING!



THERE IS ONLY ONE BEDROOM. HARVEY SLEEPS ON THE FLOOR IN THE LIVING ROOM; GAVEY IN THE LOFT....

IT AIN'T FITTING THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE SHOULD SLEEP ON THE FLOOR....



WITH HARVEY SHE TRIES TO DEFINE HER POSITION. HE EXPLAINS HIS DESIRE FOR A CULTURED HOME, THE BOY'S EDUCATION.

- IT'S KEEPING UP APPEARANCES IN MY PART OF THE WILDERNESS.



THE FIRST DAY RACHEL RISES LATE, BUT SHE QUICKLY LEARNS WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A FRONTIER-WOMAN. BY SUPPER-TIME THE CABIN HAS REGAINED ITS FORMER COMFORT--



RACHEL FULFILLS HER PART OF THE BARGAIN. SHE GIVES SATISFACTION, BUT SHE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HARVEY AND WANTS TO TAKE SUSAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME....



BUT ALL HER ATTEMPTS FAIL. GAVEY WILL NOT BE MOTHERED AND RESISTS HAVING TO TAKE LESSONS WITHHER.

YOUR PA ONLY GOT ME HERE FOR YOUR SAKES.



HARVEY TRIES TO TEACH HER THE "GAIN IN GANGER" SIGNAL, BUT SHE CAN'T EVEN WHISTLE....



THINKING TO MAKE THEM HAPPIER, SHE GIVES THEM THE BEDROOM, MAKES HER OWN BED IN THE LOFT.



HER FIRST ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THE STOCK FAILS WHEN HER SHOOTING GOES WISE OF THE MARK....

SUSAN COULD SHOOT ANYTHING SHE WAS ABLE TO LOOK AFTER HERSELF!



DESPITE HER SUCCESS IN MAKING A COMFORTABLE HOME, HARVEY AND THE CHILD CONTINUE TO REGARD HER AS A BOND-WOMAN. REMAINING IMPRISONED TO HER FRIENDLY ADVANCES.



HARVEY IS SURPRISED WHEN JIM FRIEWAY, A TRAPPER VISITOR, DRAWS RACHEL'S ATTENTION.

HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. HARVEY?



AFTER SUPPER HARVEY IS AMAZED THAT RACHEL CAN PLAY THE SPINET.....

YOU NEVER ASKED IF I COULD PLAY.....



ON HIS RETURN FROM THE STOCKADE, PAIRWAYS TALKS THEM A LONG VISIT; BRINGS A NEW DRESS FOR RACHEL.....

RECKON IT'S FITTING FOR AFTER SUPPER WHEN YOU PLAY THE SPINET.....



HARVEY RESSENTS PAIRWAYS' MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST IN RACHEL.....

MIGHTY LONG VISIT YOU'RE PAYIN' US FOR A WALKIN' MAN.....



RACHEL FINDS HIS ATTENTIONS PLEASING AFTER HARVEY'S INDIFFERENCE.....



IN THE WOODS, ON A FOX-HUNT, HARVEY TELLS PAIRWAYS HE HAS OUTSTAYED HIS WELCOME.....

RACHEL IS MY WIFE.....



DAVEY'S SIGNAL AND A RIFLE SHOT BRING THEM GALLOPING BACK TO THE CABIN.....



SELF-SUPPORTING SPORTS TROUSERS

No elastic in pocket or perianth
ANOTHER HAPPAHOUTA TOP DOG PRODUCT

THEY FIND RACHEL HAS
KILLED A MILD CAT.
SHE ADMITS SHE HAS
BEEN PRACTISING
SHOOTING IN THE CELLAR.

IT WAS THREATENING
THE STOCK /



FAIRWAYS PREPARES TO
LEAVE. HE WANTS TO
TAKE RACHEL AND OFFERS
TO BUY HER FROM HARVEY.

YOU TREAT HER AS A
BOND-WOMAN, NOT AS
YOUR WIFE /



FURIOUS WHEN SHE
DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF
THE PLEA SHE TELLS
THEM SHE IS NOT FOR
SALE. SHE HAS PAID MORE
IN LABOUR THAN THE
PRICE OF HER BOND.

I WON'T BE BODY SOLD
AS YOU TWO PLEASE.



HARVEY FEELS GRATITUDE
AND ADMIRATION LATER,
IN THE MOONLIGHT, HE
TELLS HER HE IS NOT
READY TO FALL IN LOVE.



HARVEY TAKES OFFENCE.
A RIGHT ENDS, AND
WHEN RACHEL COMES
BETWEEN THEM FAIR-
WAYS HAS DUMPED
HARVEY IN THE
WATER BUTT /



WHEN THEY DISCOVER
HER GONE, HARVEY
FEARS FOR HER SAFETY.
HE IS ANNOYED
WHEN FAIRWAYS
ACCOMPANIES HIM IN
SEARCH OF HER /



RACHEL HAS TAKEN THE
WRONG DIRECTION, BUT
SHE HAS NOT GONE
FAR. THOUGH THEY
POINT OUT THE DANGERS
OF THE WOODS SHE
CANNOT BE PERSUADED
TO RETURN /



THAT NIGHT THEY CAMP
IN THE WOODS. THE
BOY NESTLES DOWN
BEFORE HERE /

NA WAS NICE, BUT SO
ARE YOU /



ACROSS THE PINE BOTH
MEN ARE SCHEMING TO
BREAK TO RACHEL
ALONE, BUT NEITHER
WILL CONcede TO
THE OTHER /



FINALLY FAIRWAYS
MAKES HIS PROPOSAL
TO RACHEL AND FORCES
HARVEY TO A SHOW
OF FEELING /

I AMN'T TAKING, BUT IF
YOU SAY THE WORD /



RYALRY IS FORGOTTEN
WHEN FAIRWAYS DRAWS
ATTENTION TO A RED
WAZE IN THE SKY.
INDIANS ARE ON
THE WARDPATH /



GIVING RACHEL HIS
HORSE, HARVEY TELLS
HER TO TAKE CARE
AND RAGE THE ALARM
AT THE STOCKADE /



KEEP TO THE RIVER
AS YOU GO /



CAVALCADE, February, 1948 73

Australian HOUSE and GARDEN

For February

NOW ON SALE



SEE THESE BIG FEATURES:

- We built our own house
- How to photograph your baby
- Hang your curtains right

Plus Garden and Cooking
Sections

TWO SHILLINGS AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

INDIANS ARE ALREADY
ATTACKING WHEN
HE AND FAIRWAYS
REACH THE CABIN



BARRICAADING THE DOOR
THEY PREPARE
TO HOLD THE CABIN UNTIL
HELP ARRIVES



RACHEL IS WORRIED
FOR HARVEY'S SAFETY
SHE DECIDES TO SEND
DAVEY ON AND RETURN
TO THE CABIN



GALLOPING HER HORSE
TO THE CABIN SHE
IS DRAGGED FROM THE
SADDLE BY INDIANS



THE TWO MEN SLUSH
FROM THE CABIN, FIGHT
OFF THE ATTACKERS
AND CARRY HER INSIDE



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT
HARVEY CLAMPS RACHEL
TO HIS BARRIERS
REALIZING HE HAS LOST



The King of Bath



Dictator of fashion for 40 years. Yet he died in poverty.

When Richard Nash was born in Wales in 1851, his father, an "improvement gentleman", little dreamed that his son would one day devote to the lords of England. Yet that, in fact, is what he did. For Beau Nash, as he was later known, became supreme dictator of fashion and manners.

In his youth Nash first held a commission in the army, but later resigned this to study law. While doing so he engaged a pageant in honour of William III. It was so successful that he was recruited into "society" and even offered a knighthood. The practical Beau Nash refused this since it carried no prestige.

Having hated the pleasures of rich living, Nash had little desire to return to his law studies and he eked out a precarious living by gambling until 1795 when his great chance came. He went to Bath, then the centre of fashionable England, to become Master of Ceremonies at the public balls. He exalted them with incredible splendour and strongly rough, stout attention to good conduct. No country visitor could have taken greater care of the morals of the young women than did the dashing Beau Nash.

He lived in luxury himself, and when he rode through the streets it was in a post-chaise drawn by six grey horses, complete with outriders.

Isle and French Naval though he was a hard and successful gambler, Nash was also amazingly sentimental. Once at play he heard someone behind him exclaim: "Good heavens, how happy those wastrels would make me!" Nash turned round impulsively, thrust the money into the stranger's hands and said "No, and be happy."

In 1794, gambling was prohibited, and Beau Nash lost his main source of income. Unable to keep up appearances, the great Beau sank into poverty and obscurity. In need of the help and charity which he had never withstood from others.

Real Nash then came thought to the future instead of living for the moment, his end could have been avoided. But then Nash was denied the very money now readily available to every Australian. Life Assurance: To-day three million Australians have made provision for their future through the great institution. And because their savings are invested in works of value to the community, in order to earn added benefits for the policyholders Life Assurance also affords material benefits to every Australian.

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I GUESS I WAS MEANT TO HUNT FOOD FOR OTHER MEN'S TABLES!



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CAVALCADE, February, 1940 35

She was the target for fancy shooting, but he hadn't imagined the revenge

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THE HOOFS of MIDNIGHT

EVER since she came at I hadn't been able to take my eyes off her.

She was nearly as tall as I, with the hair and eyes of a Scandinavian and a figure that made you stare awestruck that got between you and it. She wore a wide white sunbrella, fancy cowboy boots, long head-fringed gloves, and skin-tight beaded jacket and shorts that did nothing to hide what she had.

The boss of the troupe had made her the target for most of his fancy shooting, and now, as he wheeled his

rifle, he sang out what he was going to do next.

She stepped forward smiling and held out to us a half-hoop of steel around which were set half-a-dozen electric light globes. She took off her sunbrella, set the hoop over her head, and put her back against the six-foot high, three-foot wide and smooth thick steel wall against which they had been doing all the shooting. He leered at the crowd and stepped up to the mark from which he'd been shooting.

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MADE IN

He was a tall man, dark and slender with a rush of a mouth and long, black patent-leather sideboards. He was Smokey Dexter, and ever since he'd stepped into the ring he'd had all the women in the tent nodding like they did over those miserably comely saags of his you heard over the air. But the men hadn't reacted the same. I'd felt the handles on my own neck rise at the sight of him, and looking around, I'd seen the same thing happening with nearly all the other men there. He was too smooth, too sure, too patent-leather for men.

He put the rifle to his shoulder and smashed the first globe into glittering bits. He finished his teeth at the crowd, and all the women swooned a bit more and let their hands together readily. He went around the hoop over her head, picking off each globe and resuming the shivering glass splinters at her feet. Once he missed, and the bullet thudded harmlessly into the wall at her back. He cursed, shook his head, slowly raised the rifle to his shoulder and tried again. This time he hit it and the women squealed and clapped even louder. I could see it was only a gag. I bet he could have hit those things standing on his head and firing backwards from between his legs.

After it was over he dragged her forward with one hand but took all the suspense himself. I kept looking at her and once I felt her look up at me. Her eyes travelled over me, and over my shoulder, and did all me again but at that moment I felt a shock of excitement that quivered right through me.

He started to announce now what we were all there for—all of us stockmen and rodeo riders. The rider of Midnight.

We started to hawcock when they went to bring the horse into the ring. We reckoned we were from that wild country, that there was nothing

on four legs that we could not ride.

But when the horse came into the ring—a couple of ragged-coated half-breed kids hanging desperately to his head—we went quiet. There is a look about a real outlaw that horsemen can pick straight away, and Midnight had that look. He was coal-black, from his mane to his streaming tail—black with a Salsale blackness, eyes glittering wickedly, mouth snapping viciously at the kids holding him. But the wildest part about him was the way every now and then he looked out with his hoofs in a sudden flash of vacuousness. All of us men could see that if we were called off that black arch of a Salsale back those hoofs would be flashing at our heads like heavy mud-cleavers. You struck one in a headless like that at a rodeo. This was a real outlaw.

Dexter shouted out the challenge, but somehow none of the boys were quite so eager now to take it up. Dexter looked up at us—so obviously outlaws — and sneered. Johnny Midnight got to his feet, hitched his belt, and went down there. Johnny was so good a rider as there was amongst the rest of the boys. We watched closely to see how he'd go.

The kids somehow got the horse quiet enough for Johnny to get on his back. Dexter didn't go now. Midnight. Once he passed the horse some yards away, and Midnight laid back his ears and trembled. I sensed anxiety there between man and beast. Dexter snarled and went to the other side of the ring.

They got Johnny up—spread slow and then all hell broke loose in that ring. The horse reared upwards, speared sideways and suddenly became a bunch-backed black ball of leaping fury. In a flash Johnny was rolled across the ring and Midnight was shaking at him with those deadly hoofs.

The kids yelled and a couple of us

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boys leapt into the ring and got the horse away from Johnny—covering there with his arms up over his head.

Mick Donovan was the next to try. He spun into the crowd almost before his bullets had touched the saddle. The black horse went after him and thus tore down blood. We heard one of Mick's arm crack like a comet as he flung it up to ward off a hoof. They carried Mick out to the servants of the crowd.

Dexter sang out to us, "Offer still stands, gent." He was smiling. I looked up at the savage-eyed, fresh-mouthed horse. I gazed the kids to get him round for me. Some of the crowd started to call out to me not to try it, and for a moment I caught a glimpse of her face under the black horse—white and tensed with her mouth a lurid red slash across her face then I was swimming into the saddle.

Midnight squealed and leapt into the air. He came down poker-faced, head drawn between his two front legs. I sat him. He leapt again, and this time spun in the air. Flogging oak and hattered, I still sat him. He tried to get his mouth around to snap at me and I bent him off with my reins but.

He tried everything he knew, but I still sat him. Then I gave it to him. I sank in my spine until his sides were two long, streaming red gashes. I bent at him with my hat and lashed him with the loose end of the reins. When he quivered to a limp-backed standstill I knew I had him. I bent that way if I ever put up on him again. I'd be like riding a buck out of a riding-school.

The crowd was roaring and shouting, and the boys were waving their hats in the air.

Dexter came over to me, smiling. He hit out, "Well, come and get your money."

I said, "I don't want it. All I want's a job in the show."

He stared. "A job in the show—what can you do?"

I said, "You've just seen. I can handle this horse for you. Don't think that because I've beaten him that everyone else'll be able to." I told him who I was. He stared some more. He said, "But you're the best rider in the country—you used to be with Lance Golding—what do you want with us?"

I said, "I just want to come along that's all. I'll bet you right now you have a hell of a lot of trouble getting men to handle this horse. These kids you've got were scared half to death tonight. I'll handle him for you, and don't worry—he'll still be an outlaw."

Dexter stared at me. He said, "Okay. But you won't be getting any fancy salary."

I said, "That's all right. I'm not joining it for the money."

He dashed. "Then why—?"

I grinned. I said, "I'm an animal lover."

Dexter started. He looked at the horse and smiled. He said, "You —," and hit it across the muzzle with his fist. The horse nickered and made a feeble snap at him.

I put between them. I said, "I don't know what's between you two, but whenever it is while I'm around it just doesn't go. Save your fingers for tickling that galter, Dexter."

I walked out of there, taking the horse with me. He walked behind, tame as a pet fool, but I knew that black dynamite was still in him ready to explode the next time anyone but myself threw a leg over him.

When the best stables were pulled up and the crowd had gone I walked over to where they'd told me I was to sleep. She passed me on the way. I put out my hand and pulled her up. She looked down at my hand. She looked her blue eyes, blurring

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under her blonde hair. "I see, and and and," "Who do you think you are—Caucasus?"

I said, "No. Just Frank Hammond. I joined the show because of you. What do you think of that?"

She said, "What does Rocky think of it? He's my husband."

I said, "Oh. That kind of makes things different."

She said, "Doesn't it just?"

I reached out and grabbed her arm again. I said in a loud voice, "You are a fellow to come around with other men's wives, but then I feel different about it. I know you're not happy with him—I can see it in your eyes. No woman could be happy with him. He's wrapped up in himself like nobody's business. I'll just hang around. If you want me, do like the way in the market—just while."

Suddenly I slipped my hand off her arm and put it around her waist. I kissed her on those red lips, and they tasted just like I thought they would—sweet and cool and fresh. She went back from me, breathing hard, breaths rising and falling quickly under her beaded jacket. I took her hand and kissed the tips of her fingers. She said suddenly, "Don't—don't—" pulled her hand away, and ran across to her tent.

I looked after her. I was thinking Hammond you've got it that bad you can't do anything but just stick around and hope that one of Midnight's hooks catches him when he's not looking. — I went to bed with a dull ache where my heart was.

Midnight had been beginning to look a bit mugged. No one had been near him to groom him for months. I found out so I took some brushes and went in there with him.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eyes and arched his rattle back over his teeth. But that's as far as he went. He remembered

those spots. After I'd been brushing him down a while he seemed to like it. I patted him once or twice and he liked that, too.

She came out. She stopped and looked at me and the horse. She said, "That's certainly something for Ripley."

I said, "Yeah—I'll bet your husband couldn't do it. What's between him and this horse?"

She said, "When we first got him Rocky tried to ride him. Rocky always fancied himself as a rider, but he's not one. The horse threw him, so Rocky got the boys to tie him up and then he beat him with a whip. The horse hasn't forgotten it."

I said, "He never will, either. They're like elephants that way."

Doctor came up. He snatched, "What is this—conscientious concern? You've got work to do, Della, or didn't you know? Get going!"

She said quietly, "You can't break me like a horse, Rocky. You've tried long enough, but it won't work. I'll go because it's got to be done, not because you told me."

After she'd gone there was nothing but the sound of me brushing Midnight.

After a while I looked at Doctor's face. It was twisted—black with rage. He turned on me. He snarled, "Well—what are you looking at?"

I said, brushing Midnight. "A very judicious husband. Keep that kind of talk up and your wife will be leaving you. I'd like to be one of the guys around when she does."

He said nothing but his face twisted up like a terrapin had been swamped around it. He stalked off into the ring, swinging the rifle jauntily from his hand. I guess at that moment he wished I was one of those light globes and he was drawing a bead on me.

When they got the roll they gave him to me to handle. They'd got him



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just in case Midnight turned off. I could have told them that would never happen, but I took the risk and decided to sling a leg over him just to see what he had.

I found out. He couldn't get me off, so suddenly he crunched himself over on his back. I felt the snap under his right neck and I knew what it was. The risk I had taken was not a gamble at all. I just lay there. A couple of the boys came running over to me.

Dexter came up, shouting: "What the hell's going on here—what?"

I grinned crookedly at him. "That cat's worse than Midnight. He's beaten my leg. Get your gun and shoot me."

Dexter glared. "What are we doing?"

I said: "Carry me to my tent, but don't take my boots off. I want to be with them on."

When they got me there I gave up making cracks and passed out. When I came round there was a woman bending over me telling me I'd be all right. She was standing there, too. The doc grinned. "I thought he must be really dead the way you came rushing in for me, young lady."

She coloured up as I looked at her.

The doc started grinning. He grunted at me: "This young fellow's used to this—there's two other breaks here."

I grinned. "Yeah—I ended 'em like stamps. This one seems like the piece of my collection."

The doc grunted. "Nonsense—you're tough. You won't be held up long."

After the agony of the leg being pulled out for the splints to go on I slept. When I woke it was night. I could feel someone beside the bed. I stretched out my hand. She caught it in hers. I turned my head to her. I whispered: "Darling—"

She made a sudden noise and went across her arms were spread out, pressing me hard against the full-breasted warmth of her. I reached

for her lips and found them. After a while she whispered: "I've got to go now. He'll be waiting in the ring for me. He won't wait long these days. He's been hitting me because I haven't got there sooner. I'm through with him, darling."

"How through?"

"Through enough to do whatever you want."

"Why?"

"Because I know that you are right for me, and that I'll never be happy now until I know I can be with you always."

"That's what I wanted to hear, baby. But what are you firing on about with Dexter? Somehow I don't think he's the type to be handing out blessings."

"I'm leaving you to do the figuring."

I grinned. "Sweetest baby! Sure, I'll have plenty of time for figuring here. But try not to rile him too much, sweetheart. I don't take much to the idea of him knocking you around right now. I don't make much of a Galsbush."

She kissed me again. "I'll be careful, darling. Now I must go."

I scratched her head as she was moving off. "Just a minute. Tell me why you married him?"

She was serious again. "I don't know, except that I was rather soft on a fellow who married a kid who used to show off as a trick rider. I suppose I married Dexter to keep my act up. He'd always been rather persistent, and he wasn't so bad then. But I shouldn't have done it. I kissed her again. I said: "When this buzz lay straighten out—"

and proved his right.

She touched her fingertips against my cheek and went out—I looked after her and felt happy for the first time in my life.

The next night Dexter came in. He had the rifle under his arm. He

looked down at me. He said suddenly: "You're kind of slowed down here, aren't you?"

I said: "Yeah. Being so far away from the other tents doesn't help, either. But Della does everything I want."

"Yeah," he said slowly. "Della does all you want." He looked down at his rifle. He said: "You know, I've been having a little trouble hitting my target lately. Maybe it's my eyes." He looked at me. He leered: "I hope I don't have it again tonight. That light globe trick is a pretty tough one. Della'd look away with blood all over that black hair of hers."

After he'd gone I lay there for a while with a pounding heart. I heard the distant applause as he went into the ring, and the sudden crack of the first shot.

Then suddenly stopped and I started to yell. But no one could hear me—they were all over at the big tent.

I called myself out of my stretcher when I hit the second splash of fire went up my bed leg. I started to yell myself out of the tent and across the ground. I scrambled at the ground with clawed fingers, snarling and growling, pain roaring up my leg like fire from a flame-thrower.

Back by instinct I dragged myself across the ground. I could hear the steady crack-crack of the shots and the intervening applause of the crowd.

I pulled myself toward—burst hammering at my chest, sweat pouring down between my eyes in a blinding torrent, pain making me bite on my tongue until I could feel the blood warm and slow at the back of my throat.

The shots and the trills rolled off me by me, and then I could hear as though from a long way away the silence, and then his shouting below the big trill.

I'd reached the big tent. I dragged

myself in. I knew where Midnight would be, whether there. But I'd got into the habit of leaving him just before I let him in. I scribbled at the ground, clawing my way in him. As I reached him I heard the first shot and the clattering of the glass. I reached up and grabbed at the man. He missed me and put his arm back, but didn't back away.

I dragged him round loose. I held the man, and scrambling at the ground a bit more, pointed him towards the entrance to the ring. I pulled my fat and pained upwards at his belly. He snarled and plunged, towards the ring.

The rifle cracked again and the crowd screamed. I dragged my head up out of the dirt and looked into the ring. Della was on her knees, one hand at her shoulder where blood was running out slowly across her jacket. Dexter was standing to face Midnight, face twisted. It was the second of the horse killed him that had made him put the bullet through Della's shoulder instead of her head.

Dexter swung the rifle round at Midnight, but the big horse was on him—rearing upwards and then coming down with both heads flailing like those of a black stein.

Dexter's scream was drowned in that of the crowd. When I could see clearly the boys had pulled Midnight and were pulling him out of there, but Dexter lay with a hoodman in his skull, the twenty doctors couldn't have patched up. Midnight had had his revenge in death.

When Della got to me she was sobbing and when she pulled me to her I could feel the blood from her shoulder against my cheek.

But suddenly I wasn't aching or feeling any of that. I was just thinking of all the good years ahead with her, and that made everything all right. . . .



MERVIN ANDREWS

After three hundred years the fortune of this swaguard is still undimmed

LIFE in pre-revolution France was dull, and that at Chateau Thierry in Champagne provided no exception. The hero, of course, would follow his pre-ordained existence of Porcupine creature and Lord Grand Squire with Louis XIV to juggle in his peacock and rich estates in furnish more for his pleasures, but for a *petit* son sans and a stunted admirer were the order of the day.

The prospect did not please Jean, youngest son of the Baron of Thierry, in 1538. He was a rank of a man, though still in late youth. His deep brown eyes now fixed with the hot blood of excited warriors of Chateau Thierry's fighting Frenchman, sparkled with an inherent humor that spread his tongue with a wit as sharp as his rapier point.

The genius of post-courtesy in the art of thrust and parry inspired his sword arm, striving for expression, the spirit of adventure coursed in his blood, and the void in his pocket urged peremptory demand to be filled. Jean watched his dagger and countered away from the ancestral home along the road to fighting, fun and fortune.

A chance into the future would have given the young adventurer added zest for his journey, for surely his blood would have pulsed more wildly had he known the ultimate result of his wanderings—the effect on human emotions and international intrigues which would sustain interest for more than 300 years after his death.

Perhaps he was not alone in the

first part of his journey. It is easy to imagine that an eager friend might have been inspired likewise to the adventure of the unknown, and have thrown in his lot with the young Thierry. And perhaps they followed the road to Pieve the neutral goal for a young Frenchman in search of fate and fortune.

Pieve was not his Mecca, however, truly called, for there a good night one and reckless courage commended a prize worthy of a soldier of fortune, and here, too, fighting foot, Jean Thierry heard and headed that one knock which opportunity gives at the door of every man.

Atkins Tapaldi was an heirloom of the Restaurant della Torre in Brindisi. He hailed from the island of Corfu, but he was essentially a cosmopolitan, for he was a dealer in arms—a sixteenth century gun-runner—a Prince of general merchandise and, more particularly and most profitably, the major slave trader of the Mediterranean.

Though not so old in years, Tapaldi already felt the age of responsibility pressing at his heels; he had need of an able aide to rule his restless, lawless subjects, and this psychologist of human frailties and values discerned the true-inspired steel beneath the careless swaggar as Jean Thierry tossed off a measure of wine with abandon.

The merchant prince offered to take the young Frenchman into his service, and Jean, with an eye to the main chance, accepted with alacrity. He was a good runner, a brilliant captain, and established himself rapidly as Tapaldi's indispensable lieutenant. On several occasions he saved the older man's life during attacks by pirates in the course of their hazardous trade.

As age made further demands on Tapaldi's strength, Thierry assumed still greater responsibility, and, when the shrewd, old trader died, the young

Frenchman found that the entire fortune of the merchant prince had been left to him.

Though he had now reached his Mecca, Thierry did not neglect the means by which he had arrived; he continued and developed his manufacturer's trade until he became firmly established as one of the wealthiest of the fabulously rich, seventeenth century merchants of the Mediterranean.

Nonetheless, however, he did not share the benefits of his fortune. He lived on a scale of grandeur, delighting in the social life of the times and displaying a weakness for gorgeous uniforms, but he was essentially the typical hero of romance and could not suppress his love of adventure and his conviction in a fight.

Throughout his life he refused to abandon his French citizenship, though he now in Venice, his adopted city, an allegiance equal to that of its own sons, frequently leading his own army of mercenaries into bloody battles on behalf of the Republic. The grateful Doge bestowed on him the title of General as a recognition of his invaluable services.

At last, in 1696, death claimed the redoubtable Condottiere, and Senator Moore, so when he had entrusted his affairs in that contingency, deposited his gold, power, and money for safe keeping in the vaults of the City of Venice.

The Doge was loath to see such an immense fortune pass from their custody and endeavored to keep Jean's death a secret, but heirs have, proverbially, been noisy, and the Thierrys of Champagne were no exception; they, together with the branches of the family in Rome and in Lorraine, were quickly on the scent of matters.

Probably, but firmly, the Doge took their stand; they acknowledged the existence of the fortune, they admitted that they held it, but they re-

asserted that they were unable to hand it over to any person without production of a will.

Successive rulers of Venice adapted the more frustrating attitude to successive investigations of the Thierrys until 1822, when the family assembled in conference to make determined efforts to clarify the status of the essay documents and thus turn their dreams of wealth into reality. A delegation sent to Italy found Venice still polite, but more profoundly regretful than ever.

"Yes," it was admitted. "The Doge had taken care of the fortune since 1688, determined to preserve it for the rightful heirs. They had, justifiably, refused to hand it over to any person without satisfactory proof of title, such as a will, but, ten years earlier, a certain Frenchman had laid claim to the fortune, and the City, recognizing his rights, had handed it over to him."

"Who was this Frenchman?" the delegates asked in dismay.

"Napoleon," Venice answered suavely.

The Thierrys soon learned out the full story of the disposal of the fortune. It appeared that, when Napoleon was making his irresistible sweep across Europe, one of the Thierrys was in his army, seeing a peasant boy to the Doge's vaults, he laid a complaint before the Little Council.

"The Republic of Venice is unwisely withholding the estate of a French citizen," he is alleged to have petitioned. "It is prayed that Your Excellency will take possession of this wealth in the name of France, so that justice may be done to your subjects."

Napoleon, with an army at his back and so strong a machine for the forcible seizure of Venice, the City disgorged the Thierry fortune, together with nearly two centuries of accumulated profits.

By way, perhaps, of compensation, the Emperor (as he then was) designated a liberal portion of the funds for the use of his army and dispatched the balance to Paris. The balance was no more than money, it comprised twenty cart-loads of gold, pearls, and money, and it was commuted to the use of General Barthelemy, in command of an escort of 2,000 Hussars. Napoleon was taking no risks with his pocket.

Such generosity should surely have had a reward, but the clever soldier seems to have faded into oblivion. What are we to measure of his life? Did he die in the campaign or did he die out of a frustrated existence periodically haunted with pictures of the release of immense fortune.

It seems certain that he died before he could convey the news or that he kept his counsel on the matter. There is little doubt that had his knowledge been shared he would have found recognition for extraordinary service in the Thierry legend.

Jubilant with the news that they now had the French Government with which to negotiate, the delegation returned to Paris and presented a claim before the Tribunal of the Seine with a sublime faith in an early realization of the two-hundred-year old dream.

But, alas for vain hope! The Tribunal laid down two conditions precedent to an order for payment of the money: Firstly, a will must be produced; and, secondly, irrefutable proof must be furnished as to who were the direct heirs entitled to the fortune.

The demand aroused the interest of the Thierry clan throughout Europe to fever heat, but the nineteenth century was tottering to its end before any tangible ray of hope glided their horizon.

In the meantime the Bank branch of the family had engaged leading lawyers to establish their rights

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Brown, Rockwood represented the Austrian branch, while Baron Heribert, then a sous-chef of the Hungarian Legation to the Vatican and Baron Clotow, a one-time director of Wapad-Late in Budapest, were among the many elements. The Hungarian Treasurers, the Hungarian Reichsbankers, and the Yugoslav Vassals were lost some of the undisputed families whose dreams and hopes centered around the Thierry fortune.

Just before the end of the nineteenth century, an eminent Italian historian, Cusani, browsing among old books and papers in a Florentine antique-dealer's shop, became fascinated by an old parchment. Although he attached no historical importance to the aged document, he purchased it for two lire. Later, nearly as a curiosity, he had it published in an Italian newspaper.

The document set out an inventory list of property, but with little regard for accurate assessment of value. "One sack of gold measuring three feet by two feet, 100,000 Venetian Crowns, 50,000 golden Ducats, 30,000 silver Ducats, three adjacent houses near the Doge's palace in Venice, two mansions on the Island of Corfu, a country house, six herds of gold dust, six coaches, six coats of silver embroidery, two small bags of precious stones, three merchant ships, and a quantity of general merchandise, furskins, and personal chattels."

In such general terms was this abundance described, that cause the operative clause "I give and bequeath to the members of my family, the Thierrys, vicelike, to the sons of my father, Francois Thierry, and of my mother, Françoise Rebo."

Then the date and signature: "Given at Venice on this tenth day of February in the year of our Lord One thousand and six hundred and thirty-six. Jean Thierry, Merchant and General."

It was the key to open the treasure chest of wealth, the missing will sought in vain for nearly three centuries. What had it been hidden with such afterthought, or where stored for safe custody and then forgotten? What had happened to that precious piece of parchment since that distant day when Jean Thierry, the dying adventurer, had entrusted it to the care of his friend, Senator Mocca of Venice, until Professor Costas had found it by chance among the dusty lumber of an antiquarian's shop?

Those questions may never be answered, but, a few days after the publication of the document, an excited Thierry reached Italy to buy Costas to sell the document. For his own good! Any figure he cared to name! But Costas was a better historian than he was a business man.

"Two lire," he said complacently. "That is what I paid for it that is what I will sell it for."

And so the previous document came to Paris and filed every Thierry heart with jubilation and new-born hope; the long dormant fortune was about to launch into active circulation once more, and the Thierrys would speed its circuit, for the first of the Thierrys' conditions precedent had been satisfied.

There was not the slightest doubt about the authenticity of the document. It was the genuine article, though it might well have been otherwise, for the art of the forger in reproduction of old parchments was at a high level in the late nineteenth century. Secrets of giving the appearance of age and prominence to old papers and inks were the closely guarded monopoly of expert forgers, and the science of detection of such masterpieces began the belated skill of the unscrupulous operators.

All that the Thierrys had to do now was to determine the rightful heirs.

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1 PASSENGER

out this was to prove no easy task. Of the major branches of the family—Lorraine, Rade and Champagne—the last-named was considered by the Tribunal to have the strongest claim, but in that branch of the family alone there were 1,460 representatives, not one of whom was prepared to concede a weaker case to himself than that of his kindred.

Even were the difficulty overcome by recognition of all Champagne Thierrys as rightful heirs, the problem of payment was a colossal one which might have had a very detrimental effect on the financial stability of France. The fortune was now estimated to have reached the figure of fifty milliards of francs.

Such a sum was too large for the Republic of France to disburse at any one time without disastrous repercussions, so the Thierry claim became an hereditary headache to successive Finance Ministers, each of whom shuffled the responsibility down and passed the buck to his successor upon retirement, leaving the claimants lamenting.

Eventually, Paul Reynaud tackled the problem manfully, he agreed to compound the debt for a paltry 25,000,000 francs to be paid to the heirs when properly established.

The Champagne Thierrys accepted the sum with alacrity and set about the prodigious task of culling the sheep from the goats. After months of concentrated work by genealogists and prominent lawyers, delving into family trees, eventually assembling documents, threatening documents here, adding them there, the lot of rightful heirs was pared down eventually to twenty-five persons only.

The goal was in sight! The dozens of claimants who stood to come tried that the prize was too rich to be abandoned without challenge by the disbarred claimants, and other branches of the Thierry family, disgruntled at the decision of the Tribunal, stepped in likewise payment by delaying law suits.

Then another interference foisted his plan, one more potent, more overwhelming, and more devastating than any Coast or higher—World War II secured a compulsory adjustment.

And so the three-hundred-year-old fortune of the gas-escaping, steam-turbine Merchant of Venice still eludes the claimants' heirs. His pound of flesh is still a dream of centuries' end, though gilded with events and dusts and spangled with precious stones, is still, as yet, a phantasm haunting resurrection.

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Talking Points

COVER GIRL, ANDREA KING, Universal star who will be seen next in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," due for Sydney release. Born in Paris on February 1, your invention, Andrea is an American. She lives with a lawyer husband in a Hollywood hill-top home. Her favorite pastime are swimming, tennis and sking and she reads considerably. Best of all she likes shopping. Why? Because she meets so many people that way. We passed the compliment is returned.

INSURANCE

We're not selling insurance so start letting those defenses down. We guarantee you'll enjoy reading Marie J. Penning's article even if your cheque is due. "Insurance Covers Almost Anything" probably gives the impression that for those who can afford it—there's no risk that can't be turned to cash. Well, that's not quite right. There are still some considerations that you can't insure against—not even with Lloyd's.

KEN HOWARD

Just in case the title fools you, Ken is the "Man with a Magic Eye" dealt with in this issue by Bill Delany. Ken Howard is a name synonymous with racing and cake in this country, and the anecdotes told of him are legion. Bill puts some of them on record here, and these are authentic—he got them from Howard

himself. You don't have to be a racing man to appreciate a jolly good success story: this is it.

FACT

And it's really stronger than fiction. When a journalist decides to find a quiet place to do some catching up with the typewriter, anything is likely to happen. But not even the most imaginative would expect to catch a lesson of ghosts and do a neat job of crime detecting for the police. Most of us would be talking about it forever, but Eric Wilson can do better than that and be paid for it into the bargain. "The Ghosts of Mac Mac Loder" is the result of his unusual experience. It makes good reading.

FICTION

If you're the kind who likes his light reading popped up with a little well-handled violence, you'll appreciate our selection this month. And we hope you are not the one to say there are no new angles to the crime story. Read *Crisis Pendazole*, the convulsive interest with a peculiar twist and an ending you are not likely to anticipate. Gruber's story, "Too Sweet to Live" is a psychological study of big-time operators. Scott's and mine are a familiar combination, but add a dash of romance, and you have the right ingredients for a first-rate yarn. Duncan Mills needs no build-up for *Carnegie* readers. "Hells of Midnight" is definitely up to standard.



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